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Select Poetry and Miscellany.

From the New York Tribune.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL—July 4, 1776.

BY B. J. LEEDOM.

No self was there, when the solemn prayer
Arose from the Patriot band,
Who stood in their might, for God and the Right
Of Freedom throughout the land.
And the Old Bell rang out on the Summer air,
The Spirit of Justice heareth our prayer.

Fervent yet low were the words that flowed
From heart to heart that day,
And hand grasped hand, as the Patriot band
Prepared them for the fray.
And the Old Bell rang out so loud and clear:
Our lives for our Country! we know not fear.

From mountain and dell, at sound of that Bell,
Came the hardy children of Toil;
From valley and glen, sprang the old sturdy men,
And the youth left the plow in the soil.
And the Old Bell rang out o'er the mountain afar,
And the children of Peace became vet'rans in War.

Firm as a rock, they met the shock
Of England's serried band,
And back from the coast, they swept the host
Of the Tyrant from out the land.
And the Old Bell rang out through the forest trees,
As the Star Spangled Banner was flung to the breeze.

And the tone that fell, from that "*Liberty Bell*,"
Shall sweet over land and sea,
Till the Mitre and Crown, shall tumble down,
And Nations all are Free.
And the Old *Bell spirit* shall sweep thro' the world
Till the Banner of Christ is alone unfurled.

THE CAPTURED CHILDREN,
OR
The Camanche Foray.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE."

One bright morning, when most of the men were from a moustang drive, a number of boys—children of my nearest neighbors—had collected to bathe a pretty little basin, formed by an eddy of the river opposite my house. I heard their merry yells, and taking down my gun—a precaution grown as natural, before going out, as *putting on my cap*—walked listlessly down to the river bank to look at them.

There were five houses within half a mile above and before me. The women, with their sun-bonnets on, were tripping across from one house to the other, to pay neighborly gossipping visits, the horses jogged lazily along behind them; the goats were frisking and butting each other outside the meeting; a man, ploughing, was whistling a sleepy tune; and groups of cattle in sight were reclining on the grass, slowly grinding away at the everlasting cud, and the thin wreaths of opaque smoke from the chimneys were clearly defined against the intensely brilliant transparency of the cloudless blue sky. The whole scene was the very ideal of quiet, delicious repose.

I remember being particularly struck with the happy and harmonious calm that had fallened over the sometimes stormy home, and, of thinking how perfectly the poet's dream might be realized—how pleasant here,

"Until life's sunny day be quite gone down,
To sit and smile with joy:"

when, suddenly, the sound of a gun caused me to turn my head.

The first object that met my view was the whistling ploughman, scampering, as if for dear life, towards his home, yelling "Indians! Indians!" Further on, around the most distant house in sight, I could distinguish forty or fifty dark riders, who were galloping to and fro with great rapidity, gathering together our horses and mules. I sent on the warning cry at the top of my lungs, to the women; and in such consternation, shrieks and splashing as there was among the little scamps in the water, you can conceive if ever you have seen a hawk dive down among a convoy of ducks.

I called to the boys to run to my house, which was about four hundred paces off, for I saw some of the Indians were coming towards us at full speed; and the little fellows shaking the water from their dripping hair, some stopping to pick up a shirt, and others bare as they came into the world, scrambled up the bank and plied their tiny feet, scrambling all the way to the picketing. One or two of them were out some distance in the stream, and were deterred by their fright in getting up the bank, so that by the time *they* reached me, the Indians were too close to permit them to escape to the house unaided, and but for my gun, they would have lost their scalps.

The foremost Indian galloped up very close, but on raising my gun, wheeled to avoid my shot; and with my face turned toward the savage, to keep him at bay—the little fellow, almost frantic with fright, clinging to my legs—I commenced my backward retreat to the house. The Camanches will seldom rush upon an American—who has a gun in his hand, and shows by his deliberation that he is perfectly cool—until he has fired; after that they will swoop upon him before he can load again. It is therefore, very easy to keep a number of them at a very respectable distance by-raising your gun as if to shoot whenever they come too close.

Four of the savage rascals had by this time come up, and were circuling around me, endeavoring, by their yells, clamors, and threatening gestures, to draw my fire. I was aware that if I fired, I might be sure of instant death, and so backed slowly and steadily on toward the picketing. The little boys clung to me so desperately with their naked limbs, as seriously to impede my progress. The savages, with tufts of horse hair streaming from their limbs, red circlets and plumes and gaudy feathers flaunting from their heads and the manes and tails of their hor-es, whooped, yelled and chattered, their long lances against their white shields of bull's hide, as they scudded to and fro around me with the swiftness of sea-birds; becoming more and more eager, and closing their circle nearer as I approached the picket.

My gun, fortunately, was a double-barrel. I knew they would make a final and desperate attempt to prevent my escape. We were now within eighty rods of the picket stiles; the main body of the Indians had nearly reached us, and there was no time to lose.

Two Indians, who seemed to take their position with the design of maintaining it, were between us and the stiles. I walked steadily towards them, cocked my gun. They then swung themselves down behind the bodies of their horses, leaving nothing exposed but the leg by which they clung to the saddle. I told the boys to run toward them, attending to fire as they raised themselves in the saddle to strike; but the cunning rascals were watching me from under their horse's necks, and seeing that they must catch it if they raised themselves to shoot, wisely started their horses on, shooting several arrows without changing their position, and sounding the boys considerably.

I saw my young charges reach the steps, and now was my time to run for it, for fifty Camanches were within as many paces of me, thundering on at full speed. I started for my precious life. There was a general howl and rush toward me from every side —and I felt the prick of several arrows. It was only twenty paces now to the stiles. I wheeled and fired at the nearest; a few desperate bounds, and my foot was on the low stile, when a lance whizzed past my ear, and quivered in the post, while a deafening, furious roar burst from every throat. I faced about again. The foremost Indian was within ten feet, standing in his saddle stirrups, in the very act of plunging his lance at me. Quick as thought I fired in his face, and leaped, or rather tumbled over, the stile into my yard. When I picked myself up, I heard the hoarse gnashing of their disappointed rage, and the clatter of retreating hoofs.

This was a pretty close graze. Nothing saved me but the last charge of my faithful double-barrel, and, as it was, several of their confounded little arrows were sticking about me for mementoes.

The whole scene, long as it takes to give you an idea of it, could not have occupied over ten minuets, but in that paltry fraction of time, how fiercely vivid was the transition from the very poetry of rural quiet to the stormy and terrible reality of savage war! But this was not the last of it by a good deal.

I climbed to the top of the stiles again, after loading my gun, just in time to see the scalp torn from the head of one of our men who was returning from a hunt, on foot, and was so hard pressed as to be compelled to the his rifle. He had been instantly borne to the earth by a dozen lances, in full view of his own house. Their failure and loss in my case had greatly infuriated them, and, although poor Thompson had been steady and cool, like a veteran frontier's-man, as he was, yet they had rushed upon him in a body, determined to have a scalp if it cost waarrior.

I did, too, and one of their chiefs' at that; for the eye and nerve of the gallant fellow did not fail him in that fearful moment, when they closed so madly, dashing around him, that their lances met, grating, in his body. A chief, whose lance first touched him, tumbled stiffly forward amid the trampling hoof, and the hunter was avenged. One of the women made a very narrow escape, and was only saved by the courage of her dog, who sprung at the nose of the camanche's horse, and made the animal shy just as the rider was about to transfix her, as she was climbing the picket stiles. She got over safe, and the baffled rascal pursued the gallant dog into the river, where it also fortunately escaped, much to my gratification. During these scenes, a portion of their number had been busily engaged in collecting all our mules and horses that were loose on the prairie, and now they started after the frightened animals, who were tearing off like mad in the direction they wished them to go. In a few minutes they were out of sight, and all was still for a little while as before; but fortunately we had not been so silly as to turn out our favorite riding horses, and in a short time there was a gathering, in hot haste, of all the men who were at home. They galloped up to my house in every direction, rifles in hand, with hot brows, flaming eyes, and curses, deep-breathed, between their teeth, eager to be led in pursuit of vengeance. Still more fortunately, just as we were starting on the trail, the very party which had been absent on the mustang drive, came, breathless and foaming, up. It seems they had met with the Camanche trail, and suspecting what had occurred, had run their horses in at full speed. With a few hasty words, explaining the extent of the mischief, and a wild shout of vengeance for poor Thompson, we were off on the chase, numbering thirty determined men.

Of course there was no difficulty in tracing the trail, which was as broad as a wagon road through the grass; and we followed at the best pace of our horses; for our success in coming up with them all depended upon the speed of our animals. As we swept by the farm of old Hicks, one of the earliest *settlers, who had posted himself* on the very outskirts of the grant, the grayhaired veteran was seen urging his horse across the field to meet us. As he approached we could see, by the eagerness of his gestures, that something was wrong. We halted for an instant and the glare of his eyes, and the ashy pallor of his rigid face, as he joined us, were even more eloquent of his terrible news than the few words he with difficulty gasped out from between his clenched teeth.

"My children!"

"Great God! which?"

"John and Mary! they've carried them off!"

Nothing was spoken, but, bending forward with a perfect howl of fury, the rangers lashed their horses like madmen. Such an incident was sufficient by calculated to arose a delirium of wrath in their fiery natures. In addition to the other outrages, these two children had been torn from their old parent to be dragged off to a horrible captivity in the distant hills, unless he could reach the brutal spoilers before they had gained a covert. No marvel that horses were goaded even when faithfully at their utmost speed; that swollen veins were knotted along flushed temples, and curses and yells burst at intervals from thirty drawn lips, as the image of those fair young children, writhing in the black, naked arms of a filthy warrior, would rise up before us. For every body loved little Molly Hicks, 'with the' lint-white locks,' and Johnny was a second 'Benjamin, the child of his old age,' to the hardy pioneer.

As he rode in front, which position he maintained with all the leading eagerness of the younger members of the party, with his features stiffened and set, his eyes fixed on the distance before him, and his long white hairs streaming from his uncovered head, I thought I had never looked upon a more striking picture of stern, mute agony. It was enough to have strung the nerves of a destard to reckles daring, one look at that old man.

The trail was leading in the direction of the densest portion of the Cross Timber, were too, among wooded and broken ridges, the head waters of the Trinity took their origin, breaking numerous springs from dark gorges; and in this rugged and extensive tract we supposed they would endeavor to conceal themselves by throwing us off the trail.

Soon we were scudding beneath the shade of the tall forest. There was no undergrowth, but the shaft-like trunks rose dark and bare to a considerable height, traveling long open vistas between them. A chill of awe came over us at this swift transition from the sunny expanse of the praire to the solemn gloom of this great natural temple.

Contrary to our expectations, the trail, instead of diverging north, towards the hills, kept on west, directly through the belt of Cross Timber. These Indians have an unconquerable aversion to the brush, and our hopes were greatly elated to find that, true to this instinct, they were keeping in the open woods, and probably making for the plains beyond the deep forest. The course offered us much greater assurance that we should be able to keep the trail, and finally overhaul them. But it was nearly six miles across, and our reckless haste was beginning to tell upon our horses; so that with all the tumult and intensity of our excitement, we were obliged to check our gait. For several miles we continued silently galloping down those dim, leaf-fretted aisles, the old man still retaining his position in front, never for an instant turning his eyes to the right or to the left, staring fixedly ahead.

Suddenly he raised himself quickly in his stirrups, and with a sharp, shrill shout, "there!" plunged the spurs into his horse. I looked ahead and could distinguish objects gleaming swiftly past the trees far before us. With a shout that made those tangled arches shiver again, we all followed him. The wild whirl of maddening excitement was beyond any description. The men fairly shrieked with the exultation of savage joy. Our horses caught the spirit, and seemed energized with supernatural speed, as they fled by the trees so swiftly, that the trunks seemed to run into each other, and to form a continuous wall. Now and then, through a wide opening before us, we would get a full but momentary view of the spotted horses of the foe streaking across it. Then such a burst of shouting from our men.

In this way the chase had continued for several miles, without lessening materially the distance between us, and we were beginning to fear that our horses would fail us even when the old man, pointing ahead, laughing out with the exultation of a fiend; and, as we swept past the object, I saw it was a horse of one of the warriors that had dropped from exhaustation. How the men yelled at this sight!

Their horses were giving out, and we were sure of them. Another! and yet another! laid by the trail! I saw one of the warriors, on foot, running off through the woods! But on! on! never mind him! the main body is before!

Suddenly we burst upon the dazzling light of the prairie. There they are. The whole body of them within a quarter of a mile, strung winding along the deep grass like a great snake.

The clamor of pursuing wolves never sounded more terrible to a head of exhausted deer than did our shout to those frightened thieves.

See, how they look behind. They are uncertain what to do.

Ha! they make to the timber again. The rapid tramp of the avenger's dread turns, too. They are panic-stricken. The old man, with the unearthly wilderness of his mien, looks enough like a phantom of wrath to strike an army with terror. They rush to the edge of the timber, and throw themselves in frantic hurry from their horses—some head foremost.

We, too, having dismounted quicker than thought, the black tubes are ranged, and the platoon hurls a leaden hail among them before they reach the trees. Such staggering and tumbling; but not a sound from them. With clubbed guns we rushed after the old man, in the timber; and now the struggle is hand to hand, and foot to foot, with the lithe, desperate wretches.

They turn at bay a moment behind the covert of the trunks, but the fury of our charge overbears every thing. For a moment the rustling of struggling feet, the dull ring of crushing blows, the low groan and heavy fall, are the only sounds that break the awful silence; and then the peal of our victorious shout proclaims that they are flying.

The pursuit is continued for some distance, but they are too swift for us, and one after another of the members of the scattered party, running and exhausted, make their appearance on the prairie.

"The children! the children! Have they been seen?" I shouted.

"Here they are!" replied a deep voice from some distance in the woods.

We all ran in; and never shall I forget the scene. At the foot of a large tree the old man was bending over his boy, who had been pierced by the lance of a Camanche, and lay pleading for water, writhing like a trodden worm. Little Mary, with large blue, fearless eyes, that looked as if they would never wink again, stood by him, holding his hand. The shattered and bloody gun of the old man lay on the ground by him, while his nearest neighbor, a tall, powerful man, stood off, in respect for the sacredness of grief, gazing upon the group with dimmed eyes.

There was a heavy pause. The old man looked up with blood-shot eyes, saying—

"Water, men! water! water!"

We had all been so much shocked by the scene as to have lost our presence of mind for the moment; but instantly, as he spoke, a dozen men sprang off and ran to where our horses had been left, for their water-gourds.

The boy grasped one with a famished eagerness it is impossible to convey, and drank copiously. In a moment the color began to return to his blue lips, and light to his glazing eyes.

This convinced me that his wound was not so desperate as we had feared. No one examined it; there was the lance leaning against the tree, with the red stain upon its blade for several inches; and that we thought was conclusive enough.

As I was stopping to bathe his feverish temples and examine the wound, little Molly turned her quiet eyes upon my face, and said, with a solemn innocence that thrilled me strongely—"The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!" as if she felt that grievous injustice had been done in selecting Johnny instead of her. I could not resist catching her, while the hot tears burned over my lids at this touching exhibition of forgetfulness of self in the sisters's love.

On examination, the wound looked bad enough to be sure. There was nothing for it, however but to prepare a litter to get him home. This the men soon did with twigs and buffalo robes which the Indians had thrown away, together with all their arms, in the flight.

Poor little boy! his plaintive moans were very distressing. The rudest of the men, with all the flush of fight upon them, seemed to be greatly moved, and gentle Molly was carried with a considerable tenderness as if the crowns of all the world had been her heritage. Strange, incongruous animal is man! We are stepping over the corpse of the slain. A few minutes before, these men had been wilder than starved tigers for blood, and their eyes were now moistened at the sight of these two children and their old father. It is a custom, never deviated from by the Camanees, to kill their male child, as in this instance, they say, with stern foresight, "It is one future warrior out of the way!" For, as their "hand is," emphatically, "against every man, and every man against them," all mankind are alike their enemies: but there is too much savage chivalry among them ever to kill or misuse a female prisoner, a thing they never have been known to do. They will kill them, and take their scalps in attacking a town or settlement, but when they have once spared them as prisoners, their persons are forever afterwards sacred.

There is a vast deal rude nobility about these Camanches; and if they should ever learn to use rifles well they will be far the most formidable enemy our race have yet had to dispute the possession of territory with. That they have not yet overcome their superstitious dread of fire-arms is the sole reason why we are still able to cope with them at such disadvantages.

We learned from little Mary's story that the Indians having herself and brother in charge, had, when we rushed into the timber after them—although she and her brother were standing hand in hand—only one struck him down with the lance, and left her unmolested. "*The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!*"

We had lost two men in the skirmish among the timber, and had several wounded. There were ten Indians that we knew to be slain. We recovered all our horses and mules, and, in addition, secured forty Indian horses with all their quaint accoutrements. Some of these horses were noble animals, and most of them curiously and beautifully marked.

Our return home was a painful blending of sadness and triumph; but it was a prodigious relief to us all when we heard, next morning, that little Johnny was doing well. Indeed, in about two months he had almost entirely recovered.

HANGING IN MAINE.—A curious impediment to the infliction of capital punishment exists in Maine. By a law recently enacted the Governor has to receive official notice of the capital conviction of a prisoner from the clerk of the Supreme Court. The clerk in a case of conviction refused to send the certificate, on the ground that the law gave him no compensation for the act. The convict was accordingly remanded to prison to await the arrival of the warrant, and there he has remained ever since, the Governor having no official knowledge of his conviction. The present law punishes murder in the first degree with death, but the executive may not issue his warrant for the execution within one year, and of course not until he shall have received official notice of the conviction. Meanwhile the convict is kept in solitary confinement and at hard labor.—In the case of Coolidge, convicted last spring of the murder of Mathews, the executive has been legally informed of his conviction. All is so far regular. But here a new question arises. Is the Governor obliged to issue his warrant at all? Some say yes, others no. Under these circumstances there will not probably be any execution in Maine until the Legislature shall have defined the meaning of the law and rendered it imperative upon the proper functionary to afford to the Governor the official information acquired.

From the Knickerbocker.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LAFAYETTE.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

We rise from the perusal of the life of this great man by his son, with a deeper gratitude, a warmer veneration for his character. His disinterestedness, his noble heroism and pure integrity, shine out with unsullied lustre. We feel a hearty reverence and affection; are proud that such a man espoused our cause, and freely accord to him the high honor of one worthy to be called "The friend of WASHINGTON." Kindred in spirit, in aims, in hopes, one tempered the ardor of the other, viewing him in the light of a dear son; the other reposed trust in, and almost worshipped the wisdom, greatness and virtue of his guide, his example, his more than friend!

Married at the age of seventeen to a lovely and high-born woman, in the year 1774; in the summer of '76 Lafayette was stationed on military duty at Metz, being then an officer in the French army.—Dining one day at the house of the commandant of that place, with the Duke of Gloucester (brother to the king of England,) the conversation turned upon American affairs. The details were new to the young Marquis; he listened with eagerness and interest. The cause seemed to him just and noble, from the representations of the Duke himself; and before he left the table, the thought came into his head that he would go to America, offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise.

The property of Lafayette being at his own disposal, an annual revenue of nearly two hundred thousand livres, he was enabled to pursue in this respect his own heroic inclinations. His youthful imagination was fired with a thirst for glory; the dazzling vision of conquering and establishing a wide country over the sea to be the inhabitation, home and resting-place of Freedom, so dear to his lofty and untrammelled mind, became real and palpable. Recollections of the glorious past, its republics and their ancient splendor, arts, letters, poets, orators and warriors arose in his memory, and combined with the cry of the oppressed which sounded in his ear, above the booming ocean which rolled between, "fixing his firm resolve."

Born and cradled in an atmosphere oppressed and laden with aristocratic influences; brought up in the lap of luxury; united to the object of his affections, rank, wealth, power; all those blandishments which they throw around men, so binding to the moral vision and high purpose; and so inclining the possessor to turn a deaf ear to noble promptings, were by Lafayette unheeded; that cry for succor was never stilled; it would in his heart be obeyed. The sacrifice was made—in the ardor of his feelings to him no sacrifice—but a tremendous one in truth; one which we feel with a thrill of gratitude, and shall feel to all generations.

On reading those ardent letters addressed to his young wife, breathing the most romantic and devoted love, we cannot but feel this. He thus writes to her when fairly off at sea:

"How many fears and anxieties enhance the keen anguish I feel in being separated from all that I love most fondly in the world! How have you borne my departure. Have you loved me less? Have you pardoned me? Have you reflected that at all events I must equally have been separated from you: wandering about in Italy, dragging on an inglorious life, surrounded by persons most opposed to my projects and inimical or indifferent to [illegible] did not prevent my experiencing the most bitter grief on quitting my native shore; your sorrow, that of my friends, my child, all rushed upon my thoughts, and my heart was torn by a thousand painful feelings. I could not at that instant find any excuse for my own conduct. If you could know all that I have suffered, and the melancholy days that I have passed while flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me! That you love me less? I should feel in truth too miserable. But I need not fear this—need I, my dearest love?"

The career of Lafayette is known to every child. On reviewing some parts of it, we may perhaps feel a shade of regret. Always the friend of true liberty, of free institutions, yet with limitation, with conservatism and with order. The lives of the King and Queen, placed in his hands, were not by his decision, firmness, and forethought saved. Yet in speaking of them, he says:

"The King and Queen, their lamentable fate only allows me to pride myself on some services I have rendered them;" proving that no self-reproachful visitings mingled with his regrets at their awful fate. "It," he says in an earlier day, "I have ever erred in the path I am pursuing, forgive the illusion of my head, in favor of the good intentions and rectitude of my heart."

WASHINGTON'S love for Lafayette forms one of the softest and most beautiful traits of his august character.

"He came," says the Marquis, (by which name he was exclusively designated) on the occasion of his severe illness, "every day to inquire after his friend's health, but fearing to agitate him, he only conversed with the doctor, and returned home with tearful eyes and a heart oppressed with grief."—When wounded at Brandywine, General Washington said to the surgeon: "Take care of him, as if he were my son, for I love him the same." He expressed for him during his illness the most tender and paternal anxiety.

"How is it possible," exclaims Lafayette, whose love and veneration knew no bounds, "that he should not have been warmly cherished by his disciple; he who, uniting all that is good to all that is great, is even more sublime from his virtues than from his talents? Had he been a common soldier, he would have been the bravest in the ranks; had he been an obscure citizen, all his neighbors would have respected him. With a heart and mind equally correctly formed, he judged both of himself and circumstances with strict impartiality. Nature, while creating him expressly for that revolution, conferred an honor upon herself; and to show her work to the greatest possible advantage, she constituted it in such manner that each distinct quality would have aided in producing the end required had it not been sustained by all the others."

What a noble tribute, and what a just one!

The recollections of my early childhood most fraught with joy and delight are those of the visit of General Layfayette to the United States. Well do I remember the splendid pageant of his entree into the city. And after beholding, in all its pompous length, the procession, being held over mens shoulders, in 'The Park,' to look up the benevolent, beaming, happy face of one I had been taught to revere. Afterwards too, the honor I esteemed it to be taken by the hand of this great and brave man, my heart beating proudly beneath the ribbon-badge I wore, stamped with his features, and with a 'Welcome to the Nation's Guest.' Oh! happy day for me; thrice happy, thrice glorious to him!

Lafayett's march through the country, in its whole length and breadth, was a grand ovation. His pathway lay literally over flowers. Wreathes crowned his brow, triumphal arches overshadowed him; and as he moved on they were showered upon him by old and young; by maiden, and child, and matron. His noble deeds; heroic youth and mild and serene evening; his trials, misfortunes, imprisonment and escape; his fortitude, virtue, constancy and 'WELCOME,' were sung in verse from the shores of the Atlantic to the farthest reach of the Father of Waters. A generous grant was made him by government, and its noble vessels conveyed him as if proud of their burthen.

A carriage drawn by four cream-colored horses, was driven up to the door of a neighboring city.—From it alighted the nation's illustrious guest; his son, GEORGE WASHINGTON, and two ardent friends and admirers. The plain dress, gentlemanly appearance, and animated countenance of Lafayette, on which *bonhommie* was so legibly written, was very striking. And the introduction, a few courteous words, his kind and gracious looks, will never be effaced from my memory.

Kings have visited kings and more ostentatious pagentry been displayed. Victors have come from wars laden with spoils, and the zealous populace have dragged their chariots through the crowd of benighted worshippers, who scattered incense, while laurel bays encircled their brows; but such an universal, spontaneous out-burst of *National Gratitude*, the impulse of millions, as of one undivided heart and mind, cherished, transmitted, and grown with their growth, during, the lapse of near fifty years, was never before seen or recorded on history's page.

"TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI."

[From the St Louis Reveicle.]

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came pattering down, at the moment when he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swung around in the stream.

"Vot, ish you going to pictur' him mit der rain?" inquired his German bontman.

"No," says Sam, 'but I'm going to pictur' him mit the pencil. We are now about at the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go on we will lose it. So haul out the old umbrella, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view the proprietor will invite us to take some buttermilk with him.

The old umbrella had, by certain violent concussions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whalebones were gone, and when it was hoisted, it hung like a wo begone sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat on sundry occasions had introduced ill shaped skylights in its roof; and, taken altogether, it was the sorriest apology for a shelter ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam however, worked away beneath the "gingham" until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluent from the top of his cone-like covering poured a flood of dark tinged water through one of the holes, and down his neck. His German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished George, the German, broke forth in admiration:

"Vell, for a little mans you soaks more vater den ever I sees before. It vill take you von week to be so nice and dry as ve vas shust now."

Just then, a voice from shore hailed them:

"Look *you*, you, with that awful ugly hat: what *in thunder* are you sittin' out thar in the rain for? Who are you? What are you goin' to do?"

"I am going to *canoe* the Mississippi," said Sam.

"You're an electioneerer, ar' you?" inquired the squatter.

"No, *not exactly*," said Sam, "except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to take the river."

"What ar you goin to take it to?" inquired the squatter.

"All roun I the country," said Sam, "and over to England."

"Well, sar, are you can do that, you'll hev to get an awful big stick, and set yourself at the mouth to *draw it off*."

"Oh, no," says Sam, "I am *drawing it off* now."

"The squatter looked up and down the shores two or three times, and then shouted back—

"I don't see as it gets much lower—your suckin' machine draws it off dreadful slow."

"I am *painting* the Mississippi, my friend," answered the artist.

"Hev you got my cabin chalked down?" he inquired,

"Yes," answered Sam, "and you too."

"Good, by thunder!" said the squatter. "When you show me to them English fellers, just tell 'em I'm a Mississippi screamer—I kin hoe more corn in a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit anything," from bullock down to humin natur," they generally think lightnin is comin."

"Are you a Taylor man?" inquired Sam.

"No, by thunder," says he.

"Do you go in for Cass, then?" inquired Sam.

"Well, I calculate not, stranger, though he's the boy for these diggins," shouted he.

"What! do you support Van Buren?" continued the artist.

"No *Sir*," shouted the screamer; "*I support* Betsy and the children, and it's mighty tight screwin' to get along with them, with corn only twenty five cents a bushel."

"Good bye, stick to Betsy and the children," said Sam; "they are the best candidates out;" and rising anchor floated off. As he sped onward the squatter's voice reached him once more, and its burthen was—

"Hurrah for General Jackson, the old Mississippi and *me and Betsy!*"

HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT SEDUCTION—MURDER AND SUICIDE.—A most revolting and cruel murder was perpetrated in the neighborhood of Marshall, Saline county, on the 14th inst. The circumstances related to us are as follows:

Baker, a man who has been for many years a citizen of the county and who has always been regarded by his neighbors as a correct and worthy man, peaceable and kind in his family, conceived an incestuous passion for his daughter Elizabeth, aged about 22 or 23 years—a most worthy and modest young woman—and made attempts to gratify his brutal desires; which the daughter obstinately resisted, until the day upon which this horrible transaction occurred. He determined to awe her into submission, and deliberately, in the presence of his daughter, loaded his gun and threatened if she did not submit that he would shoot her. About 2 o'clock in the evening, he deliberately discharged his gun upon the young lady, the whole contents taking effect on the left side in the region of the liver; the young lady survived about eight hours, retaining her reason and faculties of speech long enough to relate the brutal conduct of her father towards her, and the horrible wrong which he attempted upon her person. Immediately after he had inflicted the fatal wound upon his innocent daughter, he ran across the field a short distance from the house, with his gun in his hand; in something like an hour afterwards, the report of a gun was heard in the direction he had gone, and search being made for him the next morning, he was found in his field, dead. The inhuman father, stung by remorse, or disappointed in his hellish purposes was driven by the consciousness of his brutal guilt, to shoot himself,—which he did by placing the gun upon the fence, and placing the muzzle against his breast, and discharging, by means of a stick prepared for the purpose.

Baker was about 56 years old, and had a wife and some five or six children. His crime is without any extenuating circumstances: he was a sober man and in his proper mind, when he meditated and perpetrated this horrible crime.

THE "NO-PARTY" PARTY.—At a recent meeting, at Warrenton Springs, Fauquier county, Va., Mr. Brent made a most happy and amusing speech, and concluded with the following capital hit, in illustration of the Whig tactics in 1840 and 1848: In 1840, they had deceived the people, and why should they not do it again in 1848? They reminded him of the old woman who had lost her husband, who was drowned; and, in the midst of her lamentations, the river had been dragged, and the body of her venerable companion found in the mud, covered over with fishes. The old lady wiped away the tears of distress, and quaintly remarked, "that they had better set the old man again." So with the Whigs, who, in 1840, had done so well with their "no party," "no principles" trap, that they have "set the old man again."

THE VETO POWER.

Mr. Caskin the eloquent champion of democracy in Richmond, Virginia, thus powerfully alludes to the attack of the whigs upon the veto power:

"I want a hero," my Lord Byron says, "no uncommon want," "I want an issue," exclaims the whig party, and that is no uncommon want with them either. And on what have they pitched as their issue? The taking of the veto power from the constitution of the United States. It is with this that they have now come before the people of this country; and their denunciations of that power as the monarchical feature of our government are now heard from every stump, and to be read in every newspaper. From the very spot on which I stand, did a distinguished leader of the whig party a few weeks back go so far as to say that he desired to see the word "president" taken out of the constitution, and the word 'king' put in its place.

Now, continued Mr. Caskia, I cannot think that Washington and Madison—and those other noble old men, after so long risking their lives and fortunes, in opposition to monarchy could have put this veto power, 'this hideous grinning monarch,' into the form of government which they drew up for us, for I reverence them, and they were true republicans. But I know most positively that they did put it in the constitution, by an unanimous vote too; that they did make it a distinct and prominent feature in that constitution; and that they did put it there to be used by the executive, and not to be dormant—as their own use of it whilst fitting the Presidential chair, plainly showed. I must therefore doubt that the veto is the despotic and monarchical thing that it is in these new days declared to be.—The veto a monarchical principle! Why our political history proves it one of the most popular features in the constitution; for there is not one instance of its use by any President which has not been sustained by the people at the succeeding elections. It has been likened to the veto of the British King. There is no more resemblance between the veto of the English constitution and the veto of the American constitution, than there is between the color black and the color white. The one is an absolute veto, to be exercised at the irresponsible will of any he or she who may have been by the grace of God born in the purple, and around whose brow, though that of a flirt or a fool, blaze the jewels of the crown—the other is the qualified veto of the people's servant, placed in the presidential chair by the people's legal representatives call for its use, and which, even then sinks into the earth at the people's voice should they choose to utter it. The constitution says to the men who make up the Congress of the United States, you shan't govern us unless you have such concurrence among yourselves about the measures to be adopted, that two thirds of your whole number agree about the justice and utility of the same things. Money is to be taken from our purses. It shall not be done by a mere majority, to be continually raised by causes affecting your minds alone and not the minds of your constituents. The majority must be so strong and decided as to include two-thirds of your whole number, or you must obtain the concurrence of another branch of the government, the executive.

Every power to be exercised over the people such power, consistent with their efficient exercise, the better for the people. Suppose one of you had to decide about the sale of your estate, to be made in your absence. You might commit that sale to the sole discretion of any one man however confident you might be of his honesty and intelligence. And in such a case the requisition of ordinary business prudence would be more nearly fulfilled, did you so order it, that the consent of some other person, say your commission merchant should be made necessary. But suppose you went farther than that, and declared that not only the concurrence of your overseer and your merchant should be necessary to the sale, but also the consent of your friend, a third party, in whose honesty and intelligence you also relied. You then would be pronounced a very prudent man.

THE IRISH RELIEF BILL.—Cass voted and eloquently advocated the Irish Relief Bill. Mark the feeling and liberal spirit in which he urged its passage:

☞ It is a national calamity and calls for national contributions. The starving millions have no Egypt 'where they can go and buy corn that they may live and not die.' From our granary of abundance let us pour forth supplies. Ireland has strong claims upon the sympathy of the United States.—There are few of our citizens who have not Irish blood in their veins. The country has sent out a large portion of the emigrants who have added numbers to our population, industry and enterprise to our capital, and the elements of power and prosperity which are doing that mighty work, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that is already exciting the admiration of the Old World, and will stimulate by its example the exertions of the New. Our population of Irish descent have fought the battles of the country with as much zeal and bravery as any class of citizens. And from the heights of Abraham, where Montgomery fell, to the walls of Monterey, their blood has been poured out like water in the cause of *liberty*. *We can now send to Ireland, not indeed* what she has sent to us, her children—those we cannot part with—but food for their relatives, our friends upon whom the hand of God is heavily laid. I shall lend the bill my support with great pleasure."

TAYLOR CANDY.—The witty editor of the Chronotype makes the following good hit:

Consolation has come to the Taylor whigs at last. A young Yankee has proved himself "the boy for the hour," he has brought into the market some Taylor Candy. Yesterday he came with it into State street, about high "change". "Taylor Candy! Taylor Candy! Here it is gentlemen, walk up." The great children who frequent that street, with faces latterly as long as hoe handles, looked up, as much as to say, "what! have you got some real Rough and Ready old Zach Candy? that's your sort, let's have some." So they flocked around the lucky boy, with their cents, and soon every big baby of them had a stick in its fist, and didn't they look so pleased! But lo and behold on breaking their sticks of candy there was the name of General Taylor inside, in the candy—then didn't their eyes stick out. Hoorraw! hoorraw!! O, the good time is coming boys.

AN UNLUCKY SURPRISE.—A professer in a university, during a botanic lecture, took great pride in a discovery he had made of a very uncommon species of the nettle, which, he informed the auditory, possessed every other property of the nettle, but that it did not sting. A wag in the secret, had unluckily changed the specimen, and introduced the common nettle in its room. "You see, gentlemen," said the professor, "that it does not sting." He then applied his hand to it, and with eager astonishment he added, "*d—n it, but it does.*"

☞ Some of the Cass exchanges assert that Gen. Taylor hasn't laid down a solitary principle. What a slander! Don't he say in his McConkey letter—'*I have laid it down as a principle*, not to give my opinions, or prejudge in any way the political parties of the country, nor to promise what I would or would not do were I elected to the Presidency of the United States." [Chicago Tribune.

A HINT.—"Does your arm pain you much sir?" asked a young lady of a gentleman who had seated himself near her in a mixed assembly, and thrown his arm across the back of her chair and slightly touched her neck.

"No, Miss, it does not, but why do you ask?"

"I noticed it was considerable out of place sir," replied she; "that's all." The arm was removed.

☞ "It's quite too bad of you, Darby, to say your wife's worse than the devil." "An' please your reverence, I can prove it from scripture. Did'nt your reverence yesterday, in your sermon, tell us that if we resist the devil he'll flee from us, now, if I resist my wife, she flies at me."

Miscellany, Politics and News.

SENATOR BENTON AND GEN. KEARNEY.

Of the last six numbers of the Washington Union several pages have been occupied with the speech of Senator BENTON, made in secret session, when the confirmation of the nomination of Brig. Gen. KEARNEY for the Brevet of Major General was under consideration. There are passages in this speech which show that the distinguished Missourian has all the eloquence and fire for which he was noted during the administration of Gen. Jackson. The following extract from the portion of the speech published in the Union of the 19th ult., marks the position in which Col. Benton conceives himself to stand towards Gen. Kearney. The sufferings of FREMONT'S wife are painted with the power of a Poet.

"I hold it to be unjustifiable to speak even truth on this elevated floor to the prejudice of any human being, except in the course of duty and from a sense of necessity. Such is my sense at present. Considerations, both public and private, render it necessary now. I have been a friend to the army of the United States, and am not willing to see it dishonored. I am a friend to public justice, and am not willing to see it perverted. I am a friend to my own household, and will not see it wronged. I am not "worse than an infidel," and will take care of my own house. A conspiracy to destroy a member of my family, hatched on the Pacific, has been brought to the Atlantic for consummation. False accusation, supported by false, foul, and fraudulent means, have been contrived for his destruction; a double plot, against life and character, going on at the same time, and the newspapers filled with publications to accomplish the three-fold purpose of justifying his death, if killed for mutiny on the coast of the Pacific—preparing the court and the public for conviction, if tried for mutiny here—or ruin him by foul charges and subsidiary publications, if not tried. These were crimes against Fremont, and against humanity and public justice. The publications were made—framed, like a bill in chancery, with a double aspect—ready for either event. But was Fremont alone concerned? Was injustice to him the only wrong? stabs into him the only wounds? Had he nobody to feel for him on this side the long and lofty mountains which hid him from their view? No widowed mother to feel for the degradation of her only son! no wife to feel herself stabbed when he was struck no child of precocious intellect, and still more precocious moral organization, to catch and to feel, in every company, every sound to the dishonor of its father's name? no father in-law—mother-in-law—brothers-in-law—sisters-in-law—no friends of early youth—to feel their own hearts torn in this daily tearing of a near friend's character, three thousand miles off? no old officers of the army to feel mortification at this sad termination of the military career of a young man opening so beautifully, and which they had hailed with so much pride, as doing honor to a profession which they themselves adorned! no friends of science in America and in Europe to hang their heads at seeing a young votary of science, just received into their exalted circle, thus blighting in the blossom his own blooming and expanding fame? Were there none of all these to feel the iron plunges of these dagger publications! There was—there was—a mother to feel them, and unto death! for she sunk and died under the infliction of the redoubled blows. The only son but got to the bedside after the eyes were closed for ever, which had been strained to the last to behold him once more. The widowed mother was still warm in death when the son got to her lifeless body. He could only stay to close the earth upon her, and fly back to Washington to defend his honor, more precious than life, from Kearney and his relentless myrmidons. There was a wife—young and sensitive—to whom the light of heaven became hateful, and darkness terrible, and society intolerable—who fled two thousand miles, to meet in the wilderness "the mutineer in irons," as some gave it out—a young wife, tranquil in the day, when the people looked upon her—convulsed and frantic in the night when left to her own agonies, the heart bursting, the brain burning, the body shivering; and I, her father, often called, not to witness—but to calm this terrible agitation, and these publications the cause of all. Have I not reason? am I not justified? does not every cause that acts upon the heart or the head of man impel me to pursue this iniquity, and lay it bare on earth as it will be in heaven? Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; but he has nowhere said that he reserves all the vengeance to himself; and the sacred book shows us in many places that he vouchsafed to permit a part of his vengeance to be executed here upon earth, and even by unworthy hands. I feel myself to be so permitted, and must go on with the task which human feelings command, and which Heaven permits."

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.—The story of Adele Barron, published in a recent number of the Knickerbocker, which turns upon some missing letters, has brought to mind an incident related by Frank Granger, as having occurred when he was at the head of the Post Office Department. A letter was one day received of a Postmaster of a town in New Jersey inclosing a letter very old and dingy, and covered with fly specks in every part, except where a tape had passed upon it, indicating that it had been for a long time placed in the paper or card rack of some bar-room or shop. The superscription, if there had even been any, had entirely faded away. The postmaster wrote that he had found it in his letter box, and had tried in vain to discover who had deposited it there, in order that it might receive a proper direction, as it apparently contained money. As it had not been advertised, it was not, in strictness, a dead letter, but he sent it to the department in order that they might dispose of it.—The Postmaster-General took the responsibility of opening it, and found that it was dated at Philadelphia, in the year 1821, (twenty years before,) and enclosed a twenty dollar bill of the United States Bank. It was addressed by a man to his wife, at the small village not far from the postoffice where the letter was found, informing her that he (the writer) should start for home in two or three days; but that as his brother was about to leave for home, he took advantage of the opportunity to send her by him the enclosed sum of money, wherewith to make preparations for an approaching wedding.

The Postmaster General caused a letter, to be written to the address of the writer, informing him of the circumstances. In the course of a week a reply was received from a female, who stated that the writer of the letter was her father, and the one to whom it was addressed was her mother, both of whom were dead; that twenty years before, on the eve of her own wedding, she remembered that her father and uncle had quarrelled, the former having been led, from some suspicious circumstances, to discredit the latter's assertion that he had lost a letter containing money entrusted to his care, and to insinuate that he had appropriated the amount to his own use. The consequence was that all intercourse between the families had from that time been suspended, and that she should immediately write to her uncle and cousins, who were still living at a distance, to beg that the intercourse and friendship so long interrupted might be resumed: the discovery of this letter having satisfied her of what she long suspected, that her father was wrong, and relieved her mind from a weight of painful anxiety.

Whether any farther clue to the manner in which the letter had arrived at the office at so late a period was ever ascertained, is not known: the probability is that the letter had been picked up at or near some country tavern on the road, and was placed with the variety of business cards and miscellaneous papers which usually fill the tapes over the mantel piece of such a place, and there it had remained from year to year, perhaps concealed from notice by other papers and letters, until by a change of landlord, or an improvement of the house, the landlord had disposed of it by depositing it in the nearest post-office.—*Home Journal.*

LEWIS CASS'S CHARACTER.—The following frank admissions and statements we cut from the New York *Herald*, an independent Taylorish press.

"Lewis Cass, if he has received emoluments from government, performed sufficient services for them, in the same way as Gen. Taylor, and all others, have done before him. With the exception of Mr. Adams, every one of the candidates has been in the service of the government, and has received monies from the public treasury. With regard to the private character of Gen. Cass, we believe that even his enemies will acknowledge that it is pure, honorable and unspotted. It can benefit no cause, and least of all that of Gen. Taylor to treat and write of Gen. Cass as we would of the variest pickpocket up for trial before Recorder Scott at the next term of the Sessions."

ADAM HUNTSMAN OF TENNESSEE.

This distinguished democratic politician of Tennessee, formely a member of Congress from that state, took a Taylor shute when old Zack first came upon the political turf as a *no party* candidate for the Presidency. But since the General has come out and declared himself *a whig*, Mr. Huntsman has abandoned him. In a letter to the Jackson Democratic Club, he says:

I spoke of General Taylor favorably until he came out in a letter that he was not an *ultra whig*. Now whether this means that he is a *soft whig*, or a *tender-footed whig*, I know—I care not. Of all the politicians which exist, the soft or tender-footed are the most obnoxious to me. Instead of being a *no-party* man, as he at first declared, it turns out that he belongs to the *tender footed whig* party, as he himself shows.

I never did, nor never will vote for a political officer, who will no come out frankly with his opinions upon all subjects connected with that office. If he has got no opinions, then I consider him a fool upon those subjects: if he has any, as our government is peculiarly founded upon the opinions of the people, we have a right to his, if he wants to conduct that government as its chief. I never wish to see a man exalt himself to such a high and mighty position, in his own estimation as to refuse to give his opinion to his countrymen, when he is asking them to confer office upon him. This is precisely or worse than the practice of Kings, and should be scouted by every man in a free government. We should never vote for a man, who would not condescend to inform his countrymen of his opinions.

Since I have seen Gen. Taylor's letters and correspondence, they have convinced me that he has no qualifications to discharge the duties of chief magistrate. As Daniel Webster says, *he is a mere military man*; in that capacity he will always do honor to himself and country.

I am personally acquainted with Gen. Cass—was much in his company when he was Secretary of War. His conduct and services, since, as Minister of France and as Senator in Congress, has satisfied all the world that he is a man of first rate talents, and qualifications for any civil appointment. For the foregoing reasons, I ought not, I cannot, and I will not vote Taylor and M. Fillmore, but if spared I shall vote for Cass and Butler. In doing so I consider that I am carrying out those democratic doctrines, which I have been advocating for forty years, and expect to die in that faith.

ADAM HUNTSMAN.

TAYLOR'S SOUTHERN FACE.—Mr. Benjamin, one of the Whig electors for the State of Louisiana, affirmed, in a speech at Baton Rouge, General Taylor's own residence, that the old General was "all right" upon the slavery question, adding, "I can assure my fellow citizens here that Taylor will promptly veto any thing like the Wilmot Proviso. The interests of the South are safe in his hands."

It is evident that whilst General Taylor is represented at the North as favorable to the Wilmot Proviso, supporters at the South are using every possible effort to persuade the public that he is bitterly HOSTILE to it! his Southern friends know full well, that a man who makes habitual merchandise of men, women and children, and who spends entire days in the negro pens of New Orleans, examining the muscular proportions of male and female slaves, will not be very likely to prove an obstacle to further extension of slavery, should he gain possession of the White House. We commend the declaration of this Mr. Benjamin—the near neighbor of Gen. Taylor—to Thaddeus Stevens—and others—who are roaming from pillar to post, preaching up free soil and Taylor, the slave buyer, to the people. It follows as an inevitable consequence, that either the Northern or Southern Whigs must be grossly mistaken as to Gen. Taylor's views on the slavery question. The course of all candid and honest men, therefore, is to place no trust in either. If our opponents are disposed to deceive and be deceived in turn, that is a matter of taste among themselves. Every lover of country will vote for Cass and Butler, who are not wedded to any mere sectional interests, but whose opinions are broad and comprehensive as the Union itself.

"LAST LETTER."—How or where we got the following letter we are not authorized to tell. We do not vouch for its authenticity, but the style and thoughts are "very like" the respected author. It is certain that, if the General did not write it, his views upon the great topics of the day are therein lucidly set forth.—*Boston Chronotype, Whig.*

BATON ROGUE, July 1, 1848.

SIR—In answer to your favor asking my opinion I beg leave to say:

That I have none on the subject and don't mean to have. It is enough to say that if elected, I shall be another Washington—a regular out-and outer—and will follow the illustrious lights of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. I go for the pre-idency, and will take a nomination from any body. I am now the standard bearer of the Natives, the Whigs, some of the old Federalists, a few semi-abolitionist, and here and there a Loco.

As for the Wilmot Proviso—bah! Havn't I two hundred prime niggers? Don't I raise 1200 bales of cotton annually? Are not all my interests with the South? Tell them fellows—no you needn't tell them anything—but let me and "old Whitey" get into the Presidency and I'll give 'em Jessie, I tell you.

About that tariff. I don't know what it is. I mean to ask Bliss, when he comes. It isn't a new kind of Artillery is it?

I hope you won't publish this letter as it might conflict with some I have written before. If you write again don't forget to pay the postage.

Your "strictly orthodox" friend.

ZACK. TAYLOR.

P. S. I have shown the above to my old horse Whitey. He don't interpose his neigh to any of it. He says all he wants is to get his nose into the public crib. The old fellow has been on short allowance lately, on account of that postage bill.

THE VICKSBURG MURDER.—The Vicksburg *Sentinel* comes to us clothed in mourning, for its murdered editor, Mr. Jenkins, who is the third that has fallen at that post, by the hand of federal murderers, within five years past.

Governor Brown and General Foote were advertised to address a Democratic meeting in Vicksburg. A gang of whigs, came into the meeting, and after General Foote had concluded his speech, demanded that a Mr. Lake should reply. General Foote consented, on condition that the usual rules in relation to such discussions were agreed to. Mr. Lake mounted the stand and refused to accede to any terms, and commenced an abusive harrangue. He was not allowed to proceed, unless he first agreed to limit his speech to a given time, so as to allow a reply. The whigs swore he should speak until morning. Mr. Lake was then told that he could not proceed, unless he entered into fair arrangements—that the meeting was a democratic one, and that it could not be disturbed. On equal terms, General Foote would meet him in debate, but the meeting would not allow him to consume all the time. Upon this, Lake and his rowdy friends left the house.

For commenting upon this disgraceful scene, with not half the severity it merited, a rencontre ensued, in which Mr. Jenkins was shot down by one of those who had been most active in disturbing the meeting. Mr. Jenkins was buried by the side of Dr. Hagan, who was murdered in like manner, some two or three years before.—*Ohio Statesman.*

A RELIC.—We saw a few days since a relic of the olden time when men wore heavy armor. It was an iron casque or helmet weighing several pounds, which was dug up in a field somewhere in France. Within the casque was a human skull of massive proportions, with the hair and teeth as perfect as when the man was slain, the latter being double all round the lower jaw. The fatal stab appeared to have been made through the bars of the vizor directly into the eye as the back part of the socket was broken. Whoever he was, he died with harness on his back which falling off piece by piece left the skull confined in the helmet.—*Syracuse Star.*

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—Dr. D. Jane, of patent medicine notoriety, has published for gratuitous distribution, at an expense of more than a hundred thousand dollars, two million copies of an almanac for 1849, containing, of course, extensive advertisements of his medicine. When we see men building up, as Dr. J. is doing, colossal fortunes by a judicious and prudent system of advertising, we cannot refrain from commenting upon the "penny wise policy adopted by the self-styled business men, who strive for years to establish "a house," and give it a reputation, without doing it in the only way in which it can be done.—*Urbana Gazette.*

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA.:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS.

OF MICHIGAN.

☞"Having full confidence in your abilities and republican principles, I invited you to my cabinet; and I can never forget with what discretion and talents you met those great and delicate questions which were brought before you whilst you presided over the Department of War, which entitled you to my thanks and will ever be recollected with the most lively feelings of friendship by me.

"But what has endeared you to every true American was the noble stand which you took, as our minister at Paris, against the Quintuple Treaty, and which, by your talents, energy and fearless responsibility, defeated its ratification by France—a treaty intended by Great Britain to change our international laws, make her mistress of the seas, and destroy the national independence, not only of our country, but of all Europe, and enable her to become the tyrant on every ocean."—*General Jackson's letter to General Cass.*

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Gen. Wm. O. Butler,

OF KENTUCKY.

☞"BUTLER and his five sons" was a favorite toast with Washington, and Gen. WILLIAM O. BUTLER is one of them. The Butlers have fought on every field from Bunker Hill to Monterey, and there is a tower of strength in the very name

Democratic Electors.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.

WILLIAM BIGLER, OF CLEARFIELD.
DAVID D. WAGENER, OF NORTHAMPTON.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTORS

1. HENRY L. BENNER,	13. JOHN C. KING,
2. HORN R. KREASS,	14. JOHN WEIDMAN,
3. ISAAC SHUNK,	15. ROBERT J. FISHER,
4. A. L. ROOMFORT,	16. FREDERICK SMITH,
5. JACOB S. YOST,	17. JOHN CRESWELL,
6. ROBERT E. WRIGHT,	18. CHARLES A. BLACK,
7. WM. W. DOWNING,	19. GEO. W. BOWMAN,
8. HENRY HALDEMAN,	20. JOHN R. SHANNON,
9. PETER KLINE,	21. GEO. P. HAMILTON,
10. B. S. SCHOONOVER,	22. WILLIAM H. DAVIS,
11. WM. SWETLAND,	23. TIMOTHY IVES,
12. JONAH BREWSTER,	24. JAS. G. CAMPBELL.

THE RESULT IN THE STATE.

At the time of writing this—Tuesday evening—it is not yet known who is elected Governor, so close has been the contest. It is, however, acknowledged by both parties that Israel Painter, the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, is elected by a fair and decisive majority. The question then arises to the lips of every Democrat, how has this result been brought about?—how comes it that our leader has come so near being cut down (if not actually so) that, with all our modern facilities for the early transmission of news, we now, one week from the day of election, are unable to determine the result? How comes it that the one is spared and the other stabbed, secretly and fatally stabbed, in the dark? Unwelcome as is the task—thankless as we know the service to be—let ours be province of answering. We shall criminate no one—denounce no one—but state facts. We shall hold up the mirror of truth to the public gaze, and if any one shall see his own image reflected on its polished face, and like Macbeth be frightened at his own shadow, it is no fault of ours, but of his own guilty conscience.

First and foremost the democracy of the Keystone, in the person of Judge Longstreth, have had to contend against the whig party united with every "ism" and *fag-end of an "ism,"* which the capacious stomach of Federalism, under whatever name it from time to time assumed, has thrown out upon the political sea. Nativism, Abolitionism, Free soilism, Taylorism, Whigism, Clayism, and last, though not least, Porterism and *Bankism*, were all combined, like the allied powers of Europe against Napoleon, to defeat Judge Longstreth and put down the Democracy. Under the circumstances—knowing as we do, that it was a struggle with them all for future existence—we wonder that the good old ship of Jefferson and Jackson is not worse riddled than she is. We can scarcely understand how it is, when our crew were so careless, that we are not entirely annihilated. First Nativism, with its twelve hundred rioters and church-burners, wheeled into line and charged down upon us.—Then Abolitionism, three or four thousand strong, acted as a reserve, and when the foot and horse of whigery began to give way, took their places and fought until their leaders rallied the retreating. Then a thousand or two of *bank men*, with the Shylock as plainly written on their faces as the words "promise to pay" on one of their notes, acted the part of the false friend, and while they smiled the most loving, stabbed the most fatal. They have haunted our legislative halls for years—have bribed and plead for banks—for corporate and special privileges without individual liability—until they became convinced that so long as an honest man like Longstreth held the tiller of the ship, they could not succeed. They are cunning, sagacious men—too sagacious to turn whig; for then, being known, they could accomplish nothing.—Besides, there are many fat offices in the gift of the general government, and who so capable of filling them as these same *bank gentlemen?* No, Whigery, Nativism and Abolitionism combined, were not strong enough to have defeated us, if we had had no traitors in our camp, and this the election of Painter fully proves. His election would not endanger the forty-three bank charters to be granted this winter. He will not stand in the way of a General Banking law, or the passage of a general corporation bill. Hence he escapes the secret political stiletto of these special privilege advocates. The name of Taylor has had nothing to do with this result. If it had, Middleswarth, as good a Taylor man as Johnston, would not have been so far behind his file leader. No, in November a different result will be produced. It is true, then, as now, the *Native American* hosts will be brought to the charge, *side by side*, with the whig army, but the Abolition sharp-shooters will be wanting—the "free soil" men, or a large portion of them, will desert and take to the road under Van Buren—the *bank men*, having accomplished all they enlisted for, and knowing well that in the whig ranks *new recruits* stand about as much chance of *promotion* as a private soldier in our regular army, will be the loudest and fiercest in their assaults upon their recent allies. In November we will have no Judases in our camp—our men, the people, will be burning to wipe out the disgrace their supineness has, in a measure, brought upon our ancient commonwealth, and, from now until that time not a stone will be left unturned.—We know the whig party well—a small success turns their heads, and like weak men suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, they

"Cut such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As e'en to make the angels weep."

No, with the Pennsylvanian, we say the name of Taylor did nothing to produce the result we all deplore, and we shall prove this fact by our triumphant Democratic majority in November. We can now see our weak points, and will no longer be lead off by the mere appearance of party prosperity. Henceforward let every Democrat *work* without ceasing for Cass and Butler.—Let us act upon the example of Napoleon, when reminded by one of his captains at Marengo, that the battle was lost. "No," he replied, "it is not a battle lost; it is a battle won;" and falling upon his rejoicing foes, he put them utterly to rout. So let it be with us. We must not be disheartened by recent reverses, but, gathering courage and confidence from our principles and our duty, fall upon our opponents, drunk as they are with exultation, and wipe out the foul stain that has been inflicted upon the democracy of Pennsylvania, by giving them a Cherubusco defeat.

☞ The *Chronicle* congratulates itself upon the fact that Mr. Campbell "done well" in his own county. Possibly, but not quite as well as he anticipated. Longstreth's majority was only 109 more than Thompson's, whereas the Judge done 88 better in this county, 27 better in Warren, and 7 better in Jefferson than Longstreth. Mr. Campbell did not anticipate five hundred against him in Clarion, and put down Jefferson for a tie. So confident was he of such a result, that, on the night of the election, after receiving four towns, he wrote to his friends here, that such would be the result, so far as Clarion county was concerned, whereat whigery rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and if it had not been for some of the cooler heads of the party, would have got up a jollification. But alas for all political calculations, the next mail turned their congressional victory into a Waterloo defeat! Done well in Clarion county, Mr. Campbell undoubtedly did, but Thompson's majority, notwithstanding, will be greater than ever before.

TO OUR ADOPTED CITIZENS!

READ, REFLECT AND PONDER.

The result in Pennsylvania has been brought about, in a measure, by the union of the whig party with the *Native American*—that faction which would deprive you of the rights of citizenship, and shut the door of emigration against your friends and relatives in your native land. *Do you ask for the proof?*—read the following from the Philadelphia *Sun*, the Native American organ of this State:

NATIVE AMERICAN VICTORY!

THE RESULT.

MOST AUSPICIOUS VICTORY!

We have no time to speak fully of results.

We have re-elected LEWIS C. LEVIN to Congress from the First District.

We have carried our Commissioners' tickets in Spring Garden and Kensington.

We have elected MOORE, the Rough and Ready candidate for the Third District.

We have elected the entire ticket of our city and county officers.

We have elected the County Senate and Assembly ticket.

We have done nobly for WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, and if the interior has responded to Philadelphia city and county, he is elected Governor.

Let *our adopted citizens* read, reflect and ponder upon this! Let them remember that Gen. Zachary Taylor has *accepted* the nomination of this party, and is now supported by the paper from which the above is taken, as well as *every other* Native American paper in the country. Let them recollect that Gen. Lewis Cass is the Democratic candidate, and that he and those who support him, spurn all such alliances, and hold in abhorrence their odious and proscriptive doctrines. Let them recollect that the administration of the Government has been conducted by the Democratic party ever since the adoption of the Constitution, with the exception of twelve years, during which twelve years, the *only* law that ever disgraced our statute books, abridging the rights of the adopted citizen, was passed—we mean the Alien Law. Let them recollect that their only safety is in the success of the Democratic party—a party which has for the foundation of its principles, the self-evident truth that all men are born free and equal, no matter whether they first saw the light of God's sunshine among the bogs and ferns of the "Green Isle of the Ocean," or among the snow-capped Alps and blooming vales of Switzerland or Germany. In the maintenance of the measures of this party—measures which have made our country what she is, stretching her broad arms from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf to the Lakes—the citizen of every land will transmit to posterity an asylum for the oppressed, and a home for the exiled. Again we say—*read, reflect and ponder!*

THE ISSUE—CASS OR TAYLOR.

As the day for the great Issue approaches, the more sagacious men are more clearly strengthened in the opinion that the national issue must be between Cass and Taylor. Either one or the other will be President. Democrats, by voting for Van Buren, can aid Gen. Taylor, but they cannot elect Van Buren. This is undeniable. Senator Dodge, of Wisconsin, the gentleman who first received the "barnburner" nomination for Vice President, in a recent letter to a mass meeting of his fellow Democrats in that State, presents this subject in a clear and convincing light. From his matured experience and ripened judgment, he says:

"It must be apparent to every man of common sagacity, that the defeat of CASS and BUTLER will result in the election of TAYLOR and Fillmore. The issue, therefore, is fairly made up, and can be fairly met; of the result I have no doubt. The democratic party is a party of amelioration, progress, reform; and if evil exists which require abatement, experience has shown that the task may be more safely committed to it, than to the whig party. Gen. CASS has been favorably known to the people of the United States for a period of more than thirty years. He has filled, with a very few exceptions, all the important offices of the Government in regular gradation, and the judgement of the country is, that he has filled them well and faithfully. Indeed, if I may use the figure, he may be said to have served a regular apprenticeship to the Presidency. Having received successively the endorsement of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Van Buren, and having received his nomination from the regular Democratic National Convention, by a two-thirds vote, he is in my opinion as much entitled to the support of the democracy of the Union, as was Gen. Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Polk, all brought forward in the same way."

THE COUNTY FAIR.—The first Annual Fair of the Erie Co. Agricultural Society, came off in this city yesterday. It being the first ever held in the county, and the day extremely inclement and cold, we did not anticipate much of a show, or a very large attendance. We were, however, agreeably disappointed in both. We never saw so many people in town before, and the exhibition was alike creditable. We would with pleasure give a more extended notice, but really, the crowd was so great all day in the exhibition room, that it was utterly impossible to take any notes. We understand that over two hundred badges of membership were sold, and that the Society is now no longer regarded as an experiment. It is a "fixed fact." We shall give the awards as soon as furnished by the committee.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—After the Native Americans—the church-burners—of Philadelphia, had re-nominated the notorious Lewis C. Levin for Congress, the Taylor Congressional Convention assembled, and resolved *not to make a nomination!* More than this, the Taylor party went to the polls, and voted for and elected him, although that reliable and talented Taylor whig, David Paul Brown, was running in the district. Mr. Brown did not receive but 158 votes. This shows that the whig and Native party have united for the Campaign, and the adopted citizen who votes for Taylor votes for the Native American candidate. "Make a note of it," Irishmen and Germans.

UP TO-DAY, AND DOWN TO-MORROW.—Politicians, for a week past, have been vibrating back and forward like a pendulum to a clock—to-day the whigs were in glory—to-morrow the Democrats were in Paradise—yesterday the whigs were up in the seventh political heaven—to-day down to the lowest pit of political purgatory. Thus alternately has the political pendulum vibrated back and forward, communicating a shock of electricity to each party as it alternately touched them in its swing from left to right. We acknowledge to being pretty well charged up with joy more than once.

☞ We learn (says the Buffalo Commercial, Oct. 8.) that in attempting to execute a man at Niagara, C. W., recently, as the drop fell, his head was severed from his body—the one flying into the air and the other falling heavily upon the earth—presenting a horrid spectacle, even as the finale of a capital execution.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says it is supposed that at the begining of next month, Mr Morton will hand over the papers to Mr. Benjamin F. Hallett, who will be installed in the collectorship of the Boston custom house.

AN EDITOR.—A Scotch writer, who has had some experience to qualify him for speaking on the subject, says: "If you have not yet chosen a profession, do not become an editor. Beg—take the pack—keep ledgers—take up a school—set up a mangle—take in washing. For humanity's sake, and especially your own, do anything rather than become a newspaper editor."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We see our friends in Clarion have commenced with spirit the November contest. The Democrat speaks in the most cheering manner of the prospect, and from the number of meetings advertised to come off, we have no doubt that Clarion will more than redeem her ancient fame in November. Glorious little Clarion—she has saved the district at this election—let her be foremost in the great contest in November!

☞ Gen. Taylor has written another letter, says the N. H. Register, in praise of "Brown's Paste Blacking." We understand that it has had the effect to "open the eyes of many doubtful whigs," who could not have supported him "so long as he occupied a doubtful position before the country." They are now satisfied that he will not veto the Wilmot Proviso.

A GOOD HIT.—The New York Day Book says that Daniel Webster and William C. Rives defended John Tyler in the worst acts of his life. They are now defending the nomination of Gen. Taylor.

HEAR TAYLOR'S ORGAN.

The New Orleans Picayune, Gen. Taylor's organ, the editor of which wrote his second Allison letter, has the following:

"THERE IS NO MAN IN THE SOUTH MORE BITTERLY OPPOSED TO THE WILMOT PROVISO, AND THE PRINCIPLES INVOLVED IN IT THAN GEN. TAYLOR."

Northern whigs, what say you to the above? You are attempting to prove him a Wilmot Proviso abolitionist, and the South are attempting to prove him a good southern whig—that is opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, and in favor of extending slavery. As evidence of this, read the following, which we cut from the Rochester American:

"There is no whig of the *south*, more favorable to the principles of *Free soil* than Gen. Taylor."

Now, which should know the sentiments of Gen. Taylor, the editor of the Picayune, who has been traveling with him, and is really his political letter writer, or the editor of the Rochester American, who never saw Gen. Taylor or heard of him previously to the *blood-hound* farce in Florida, or after that time until sent to Mexico?

The New Orleans Picayune is not alone in ascribing to him opposition to the Wilmot Proviso. Every southern paper without an exception—every southern orator, from S. S. Prentiss and Bailie Peyton, down to that bundle of pomposity and egotism, Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, also assert the same thing. Reason and common sense ought to teach every man that Gen. Taylor is not in favor of this measure. And yet the Rochester *American* is not the only northern paper engaged in this disreputable game of deception. All its cotemporaries, north of Mason and Dixon's line, reiterate the same improbable statement. Every whig orator we have heard during the campaign, has put forth the same. Now what a deception is here! These northern men know their statements to be false—they know they are humbugging the people—that Gen. Taylor, in the language of Bailie Peyton, is the owner of *three hundred pledges*, in the shape of negroes, against giving countenance to the Proviso doctrine. Why, then, do they persist in theis assertion? In the success of this deception consists their only hope. It is countenanced, too, by their leading men of both sections—even by Gen. Taylor himself. It cannot be denied that Tom Corwin, Truman Smith, and other Northern advocates of Gen. Taylor, have repeatedly exhibited letters from that individual, or from southern friends of his, giving them assurance that he would not use his influence as President, against the doctrine of Free Territory—while his southern friends are exhibiting similar documents giving assurances exactly the reverse.

Now is such a game as this becoming a man of honor—a candidate who is put forth as the embodiment of all the honesty, politically speaking, in the land! We appeal to every man not blinded by prejudice or interest. We ask the honest portion of the whig party to pause before they lend their votes to consummate such a base and dishonest piece of deception. Of Gen. Taylor as a man we have nothing to say—as a politician, we think the present contest will show him an adept in dishonesty and an apt scholar in whig policy.

CONSISTENCY OF THE NEW YORK BARNBURNERS.—It is known that Preston King and George Rathbun are the leaders of the barnburning movement, and just now noisy "free soil" men. Are they sincere? We contend they are not, for no longer ago than 1844, they voted in Congress against the Wilmot proviso, and therefore in favor of the extension of Slavery. The same reasons then existed as now, for favoring that measure. Texas was about being annexed, and the territorial government bill was being discussed. During the session of Congress preceding the meeting of the Baltimore Convention of 1844, a petition was presented in the House of Representatives from citizens of New York, praying Congress to extend the ordinance of 1787 (the Wilmot Proviso,) over the territory West of the Mississippi. That petition was contemptuously and emphatically laid on the table, by a vote of 118 ayes to 61 nays. Among the ayes are the names of John P. Hale, Preston King, George Rathbun, Charles S. Benton, and others, now leading barnburning provisoists. Now, why should not these men have been as good free soil men (then as now? They were, but they had no feeling of *revenge* to gratify.

The same year, Washington Hunt, of New York, presented a petition from a large number of Quakers, asking a revision of the laws of the District of Columbia, in relation to slavery, and these same men voted against *receiving* the petition! Be it remembered that this was only four years ago, and that no *new* reason exists for agitating the subject. We have seen nothing in the last four years that could have induced these men to change their views. They have not changed, and when together laugh at the gullibility of the people. Their object is revenge for the defeat of Mr. Van Buren in 1844, and a desire to place him where they can use him.

☞ F. P. Blair, Esq., of St. Louis, is the master-spirit of Van Buren Abolitionism in that quarter. In a recent speech he gravely congratulated his hearers on the *increase of his ism in St. Louis.* "When the Utica convention first nominated Martin Van Buren," said Mr. Blair, "there were but half a dozen of us—now we number thirty!"

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.—Harrison Gray Otis, the only surviving member of the Hartford Convention, *is out* with an address of three columns addressed, "to the whigs of Massachusetts," against Lewis Cass and in favor of Gen. Taylor. This address is all lost; for who would have expected any other course from a Hartford Convention federalist who opposed the election and administrations of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson.

☞ In speaking of the equivocal no-party nomination of Gen. Taylor, Mr. Botts puts to his Whig constituents of Richmond, the following significant query:

Suppose I were to say to the whigs of this district next Spring, that I would as soon accept a nomination at the hands of the Locofocos as from them, and that I would make no pledges, and would not be the exponent of their party principles, and that if they elected me, it must be *on their own responsibility*—I beg to know what twenty years of laborious work in the Whig cause would avail me? And why should I not have as much right to take that ground as Gen. Taylor.

☞ The Muscogee Democrat thinks nobody will venture to pronounce the general's horse letter a forgery, as the ear marks are as palpable as were the letters "U. S" branded on the Florida bloodhounds.

HEAR WHAT A TAYLOR PAPER HAS TO SAY.—The Baltimore *American*, one of the ablest and most respectable "whig" papers in the country, referring to the wretched abuse which Gen. Cass has received at the hands of the *low* "whig" press, generally, for soliciting "extra pay" of the Government, says:

This is a small business. General Cass, when Governor of Michigan, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, sent in claims for extra allowances which were finally granted by the Treasury Department. We think there has been more stir made about this than the matter called for. There is no reason to suppose that the Department acted without due investigation and knowledge, and, if the claims were just, there was no impropriety in the presentation of them by Gen. Cass, or in the granting of them by the Secretary. A Presidential canvass ought to turn upon other issues than these, or the like of these.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—An American, named Geo. Seward, had a running match at Birkenhead Ferry, England, with six men of considerable celebrity as runners, from Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of 100 yards consecutively—five minutes to elapse between each. Seward ran with the whole six, one after another, and beat them easily, without being much distressed.

A MODEL TOWNSHIP.—The township of Benzinger, in Elk county, is the model township of the State.—Longstreth, Painter, Thompson, and the Democratic county ticket, received 68 votes, and the whig candidates *not one!* This township is certainly entitled to the banner.

RAISED THE FLAG.—The Rock County Democrat, of Wisconsin, which had the *Van Buren* and *Adams* flag at its mast-head, has hauled it down, and put in its place the names of CASS and BUTLER. It promises to do good service, and from the appearance of the first number sailing under the flag of democracy, it will do so.

The same paper contains a renunciation of Van Buren whiggery, from a gentleman of ability and standing.

GEN. TAYLOR'S POLITICAL OPINIONS.

From the New York Express, (Whig.) March 17, 18

Among the paradoxes which General Taylor has put forth to enlighten the "good people" of this country in regard to his political opinions, perhaps the most curious is the following paragraph from his celebrated letter to Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, dated Camp near Monterey, Mexico, Aug. 3, 1847:—

"At the last Presidential canvass, without interference in any way with the *same*, it was well known to all with whom I mixed, Whigs and Democrats, for I had no concealments in the matter, that I was decidedly in favor of Mr. Clay's election, and would now prefer seeing him fill that office to any individual in the Union, certainly much more so at any time to myself. Independent of his high talents and long experience in government affairs, I consider his views and those of the Whigs, for the most part, more nearly assimilated, as regards political measures, to those of Mr. Jefferson than their opponents—in the political creed I was reared, and whose opinions, in matters of state, I have never lost sight of, as well as endeavored to conform to them as near as circumstances would permit. My commission as a Lieutenant in the army was conferred by him a short time before he left from public life."

Now, with all due respect to the gallant General, we venture to say that if he had studied the writings of Jefferson, and compared them with the views of the policy and construction of the constitution advocated by Mr. Clay, in his various speeches as published—with the same zeal and discrimination that he has shown in the study of "Æsop's Fables,"—he would never have considered Mr. Clay's views and those of the Whigs, for the most part, nearly assimilated, as regards political matters, to those of Mr. Jefferson."

But we are quite willing that a Loco Foco editor of a new paper, published in New Orleans, the Republican, should answer the General, on this subject, as follows in the following manner;—

"He admits that he is a Whig, but claims to be a disciple of Jefferson, and thinks the principles of the latter are more consonant than those of the Democracy to the Jeffersonian doctrines. The General forgets, however, that Mr. Jefferson was most decidedly of opinion that Congress had no constitutional right to charter a National Bank, or to construct works of local utility in the States, in regard to these most important powers. Mr. Jefferson's opinion was diametrically opposed to that of the Whigs and Mr. Clay.

"It comes to this at last, then: if Gen. Taylor is a Whig, he is willing that Congress shall create a National Bank; if he is a disciple of the Jefferson school, he must entertain the belief that Congress has no power to create such an institution. [See Randolph's edition of Jefferson's works.]

"If the General is a Whig, he is favorable to the doctrine of Internal Improvements by the General Government. If he is a Jeffersonian, he must abhor such doctrine, because Mr. Jefferson regarded it not only unconstitutional, but as inevitably tending to subvert the sovereignty of the States, and to render the General Government of the Confederacy one consolidated polity,—the rights of the States being nullified and monopolized by the General Government.

"If the General is a Whig, he must be in favor of protective tariffs; if a Jeffersonian, he must be opposed to them.

"In a few words: we cannot conceive how General Taylor, or any other man, can be at once a Whig in the modern sense of the word, and a disciple of Jefferson. The doctrines of the one are as opposite as day and night to those of the other."

It strikes us that the remarks of this New Orleans editor are quite to the point with regard to Mr. Jefferson's opinions, as contrasted with those of Mr. Clay and the Whig party.

Without considering the question

HOW THE WHIGS EXPECT TO SUCCEED.

Elated with a partial success, or rather at the fact that they are not in a minority of ten or fifteen thousand in the State, the whigs are just now boasting largely on carrying the State for Taylor in November. When reminded that at that election they cannot have the barn-burner and the abolition vote, which has just been almost unanimously cast for Johnston, they shrug their shoulders, look wonderous wise, and assert that now they will have all the "hurrah-boys" on their side, which will more than make up for such a loss. What do they mean by "hurrah-boys"? Nothing more nor less than a class of voters they have imagined to exist, who, having no mind of their own, or a set of fixed principles, stand ready at any moment to transfer their allegiance and votes to the candidate and cause most likely to succeed. Now we are of those who do not believe in the existence of any such class of voters! We have more faith in the intelligence of the people—the integrity and moral firmness of the masses, than to suppose that there are from four to six thousand in this State who are so devoid of all that constitutes the internal man as to be ready to vote with a party merely because it has the appearance of being successful. It is well enough for politicians who are constantly spitting out their hate and venom against the 'ignorant rabble," as they please to term them, to indulge in such idle dreams, but we prefer to look upon our fellow citizens in a better light—as reasoning, reflecting and voting men! But suppose there is such a class of voters, and the whigs succeed in getting them, and by such an accession they carry the State of Pennsylvania, and thereby elect Gen. Taylor? We say, suppose all this imaginary calculation of whigery true—what then? Why, Gen. Taylor is elected by this whig despised rabble—this rag-muffin army of voters, without principle, without any fixed rules of conduct, ignorant, unlearned, and careless of consequences A beautiful picture, truly, for the kid-gloved, bank-ocracy to contemplate. The Websters, and Botts of the party pronounce the nomination "not fit to be made," and the Clay men for a long time refuse to lend it their countenance, and only vote for it out of pure necessity—but in spite of all this the "hurrah-boys" triumphantly bear the old hero into the Presidential chair! Has any body ever heard of such a miracle since Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, for looking back? In the language of these *supposed* "hurrah boys," "no-sir-ee." The fact is the "hurrah-boy" is a creature of imagination, and consequently not recognized as a voter by the laws of the commonwealth.—Precious little "aid and comfort," therefore, will the Zacharites receive from this source in November!

MILLARD FILLMORE ROWING SOUTH.

If there was ever a bigger humbug than the present effort to induce the people at the North to believe Taylor in favor of the non-extension of slavery, we have never heard of it. There is one, however, which is not far behind it, and that is the effort at the South to prove Millard Fillmore opposed to the Wilmot proviso, while here *that* fact is claimed of sufficient importance to induce whigs, who otherwise would not, to vote for Taylor. Like Gen. Taylor, in regard to the Northern "swindle," Millard Fillmore is helping, by writing letters, this Southern "swindle." For proof, we adduce the following: A meeting in Louisiana, of which J. B. Peyton was President—the proceedings of which are published in the *Buena Vista*—passed the following, among other resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the charge of abolitionism, recklessly adduced against Millard Fillmore, by unscrupulous partizan opponents, for the purpose of exciting sectional prejudices against him, has no foundation whatever in truth; but, on the contrary, is triumphantly disproved by the solemn declaration of our candidate for the Vice Presidency, uttered long since in the councils of the nation, that Congress had no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with the institution of domestic slavery as it exists in the States of this Union; and that therefore we feel *well assured that Southern institutions will never be assailed or molested by any act of Millard Fillmore.*"

The resolution was forwarded to Mr. Fillmore, and his reply requested. It was given as follows. The tenth resolution was merely a complimentary one. We give the answer as one of "the signs of the times," which indicate the tendency and final end of the whig party:

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1848.

Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 9th inst., enclosing a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Rough and Ready Club, of Raymond, on the 5th instant; and wishing to know whether the political sentiments contained in those resolutions are in accordance with my views.

The tenth and eleventh, only, speak of my views; and though I cannot feel justified in appropriating to myself all the flattering compliments contained in those resolutions, *yet I am happy to say that they truly define my position and express my views on the subject to which they allude.*

Please to make my acknowledgments to the members of your Club, and believe me respectfully yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

JOHN B. PEYTON, Esq., President.

Now it not here a beautiful state of affairs! While the friends of Gen. Taylor are rowing their boat North with free territory floating from its mast head, Millard Fillmore is rowing his South, and endeavoring to take on board a cargo of negro-drivers. A beautiful pair of worthies, are they not, and a "beautiful swindle" they will make of it, if they succeed.

OFFICIAL OF THE DISTRICT.

The following is the official vote of this district for Congress:

	Thompson.	Campbell.
Erie,	2045	3370
Clarion,	2160	1286
Warren,	1128	908
Potter,	649	253
Jefferson,	917	703
M'Kean,	414	357
Elk,	226	149
Total	7509	7026

In Erie couny, John Mann, "free soil" received 215. Thompson's majority 483. In 1844 his majority was 465, and in 1846, less than 300. It will thus be seen that notwithstanding the great efforts of the Federalists and "sore-heads" to defeat him, he is elected by a larger majority than ever before. We are now satisfied.

GROSS IMPOSITION.—We are not in the habit of making complaints against steamboat captains for neglect of duty or non-fulfillment of contracts, but the following transaction of Capt. Kingman, of the steamer Griffeth, has been communicated to us by a gentleman, with a request to lay it before the traveling community, that others may take warning and avoid that boat. Our informant states that he, in company with others, went on board the Griffeth at Buffalo, and paid their fare to Erie, but instead of landing them at the dock, the Captain put them off at the beacon-light, two miles from the town, and actually refused them the use of his boat to cross the channel to the break-water pier, connecting with the shore.—This was at 12 o'clock at night, and the only shelter to be had was the dwelling of the keeper of the beacon-light, and he not at home, being absent piloting out a vessel. Among those thus unceremoniously set ashore in the middle of the night, were three or four ladies with their infants. As gross and unwarrantable piece of non-performance of contract, has scarcely ever come to our knowledge. We trust the traveling public will recollect Capt. Kingman and his boat, and treat them accordingly.

A DESPERATE CASE.—The whig party in Texas was without a representative in the whig national convention. So they are without a complete electorial ticket, as yet, whether from the lack of Taylor men in the state, or from their being no whigs, ultra or otherwise, to stand as electors, does not appear. It has been suggested that the Taylor electors of Louisiana will have to vote for Texas, if anybody, as they did at Philadelphia.

☞When the Editor of the *Gazette* gets through with his "Bargain and Sale" in slices, we hope he will post up his account and tell us exactly how much he has made.

GEN. TAYLOR AT THE SOUTH.—At a Taylor meeting in Charleston, S. C. Wm. Gilmore Simms, an ardent supporter of Gen. Taylor, declaired, that he was "a Southern man who has a home, and children, and slaves among us, and these where the pledges of his fidelity. As a Southern man he could not stand up among the friends and influence which accompanies him, and sacrifice our dearest rights to the fanaticism of the North."

Erie County Agricultural Fair.

At the first Fair for the County of Erie, held in Erie on the 27th day of October, 1848, the following premiums were awarded by the several committees to whom they were referred, viz:

The committee on Horses reported as follows: To H. Brockway, the 1st premium for his dun stud horse; J. Butler, 2d do for bay stud horse; Thomas Crowley, 3d do for bay stud horse. Gilbert Elliott, 1st premium for span of black 3 year old colts; David Chambers 2nd do for bay 3 year old colts; James Whitehall 1st do for sorrel mare and black colt; W. E. McNair 2d do for bay mare and colt; A. Leet 1st do for 2 year old chestnut horse colt; Col. J. M. Moorhead 2nd do for 2 yr old mare colt; S. Chalmers 1st do for 1 yr old colt.

There was a very good show of single horses and mares made to the committee, such T. Lenon's bay horse; Perry Oliver's cream mare; John Hess's roan horse; G. Wagoner's black horse; W. W. Davidson's bay mare; A. Couse's sorrel mare, and A. Kirkpatrick's matched 1 yr old colts. The committee regretted that there was not a better show of stud horses, but were pleased with the exhibition of colts, of different ages.

On Fat Cattle; to William Graham 1st Premium for fair Fat Cattle.

On other Cattle; to R. S. Brawley, 1st Premium for yoke of 4 year old Oxen. S. Chillis, 2d Premium for yoke of 4 year old Oxen; Warren Foot, 1st Premium for yoke of 3 year old Steers; John M. Sturgeon, 2d Premium for yoke 3 year old Steers; A. Bliss, 1st Premium for 4 year old Bull; James Whitehill, 1st Premium for 2 year old Bull; William Parker, 1st Premium for Bull Calf; James B Caldwell, 1st Premium for Heifer Calf; Ira Sherwin, 2d Premium for Heifer Calf; Charles Kendrick, 1st Premium for 3 year old Heifer; C. Webster, 1st Premium for 2 yr. old Heifer; J. J. Compton, 1st Premium for 2 yr old Steers; Archibald Kirkpatrick, 2d Premium for 2 yr old Steers; John Burton, 1st Premium for Milch Cow; John Johnson, 2d Premium for Milch Cow.

The Committee reported several fine cattle of different kinds, offered but not entered for competition, viz:—A Cow owned by Mrs. Reed—several Cows and a fine yearling Bull, owned by A. K. Miller. Several others, also, presented some fine Bulls and Cows.

On Sheep; E. Cowden, 1st Premium for fine wool buck Sheep; Calvin Leet, 1st Premium for fine wool buck Lamb; Calvin Leet, 1st Premium for fine wool ewe Sheep; J. & J. Eaton, 2d Premium for fine wool Buck; J. & J. Eaton, 2nd Premium for fine wool ewe; J. & J. Eaton, 2nd Premiums for fine wool Lambs; W. W. Eaton, 1st Premium for common wool Buck; Hiram Vidito, Diploma for 2 fine wool Bucks; Henry Shadduck 1st Premium for fat Sheep; David Burton, 2d Premium for fat Sheep.

On Swine; Hon. John Brawley 1st premium for bore hog; D. D. McNair 2nd do for boar hog.

On field crops; Joseph McCord 1st premium for acre of wheat—the yield per acre being 33½ bushels; Matthew Pollock 2nd do for acre of wheat—the yield per acre being 35 bushels. George W. Barr, 1st premium for acre of corn—the yield per acre being 100 bush., 13 quarts; John K. Cadwell, 2d do on acre of corn—the yield being 98 bush., 21 quarts. Conrad Brown 1st do on an acre of Barley—it yielding 48½ bush per acre.

On Butter and Cheese; Martin Warfle 1st premium on 10 pounds of butter; E. Marvin, Matthew Pollock and Eliza Pollock 2nd do on roll butter; C. Jones 3d do on roll butter. Dean Parker 1st premium on firkin butter. Stephen C. Lee 1st do on cheese; Z. C. Way and Thomas Dunn, jr. 2nd do; Joh Burton and Dean Parker 3d do.

On plows and plowing; Philetus Glas, 1st premium on plowing; Loyed Nichols, 2nd do, Jessee Prindle 3d do; Lester, Sennett & Chester, 1st premium on Wolverine plow; Philetus Glas, 3nd do on Cayuga plow; Lester, Sennet & Chester, 3d do on Dutcher plow.

On Flour; John W. McLane, 1st premium on bbl of flour; Alexander Nicholson, 2nd do; John W. McLane, 1st do for bbl. of flour from the smallest quantity of wheat; C. Zinn 3d do for bbl of flour.

On Fruits; Philip Osborn, 1st premium for 12 varieties of apples; Robert Sewell, 2d do do do Elihu Marvin, Calvin Leet, Dean Parker, and Henry Shadduck, each a Diploma for choice specimens of apples: Lincoln Fay of Chautauque county, N. Y., a Diploma for the largest variety of choice apples, peaches, pears, and grapes. Mr. Fay was not entitled to the first premium, in consequence of the fruit not having been raised in this county.

On Roots and Garden vegetables; Calvin Leet, Diploma for specimen of Onions; John A. Tracy, Diploma for specimen of Winter Squash; Tobias Fickinger, 1st Diploma for specimen of Sweet Potatoes; Ira Sherwin 2d Diploma for specimen of Sweet Potatoes; M. Spaulding, 1st Diploma for a specimen of Turnips; Col. J. M. Moorehead, 2d do do do C. Coppersmith, Diploma for Cabbages, Celery and Tomatoes; John Burton, 1st premium on Potatoes; John Sampson, Diploma for 18 varieties of Roots and vegetables.

On Woolen, Cotton, Linen and Silk Fabrics; Mrs. Emeline W. Culdwell, 1st Diploma on Domestic Carpeting; Mrs. James Miles, 2d do do do George Nicholson, 1st do do do Cassimere James Miles 2d do do do G. B. Keene, Diploma for Dress Coat and Vest; Miss L. Battles, do Coverlet; Mrs. Conrad Brown, jr 2d Diploma for Coverlet; Mrs. Eliza Pearce, 1st Diploma on White Quilts; Mrs. Smith Jackson, 2d Diploma on White Quilts; Mrs. P. Arbuckle and Mrs. H. Heckman, Diploma each for 2 Quilts of patch or transferred work; Mrs. C. Jones, Diploma for 2 Hearth Rugs; Mrs L. Nichols, Diploma on white and colored sewing Silk; Mrs. M. Goodwin, Diploma on Rag Carpet

On Fine Arts and Embroidery; Miss Sarah J. Jackson, Diploma for Fancy Painting; Miss Calista Ingersoll. Diploma for Landscape and Oil Painting; Miss Swan, do 2 Pencillings: Atkins & Lynch, Diploma for Paintings and Specimens.

Durlin & Sloan, diploma for specimens of Printing.—In this branch there was no competition, but for their beautiful specimens of workmenship the diploma was awarded.

John S. Shadduck, diploma for Architectural Drawing; Mrs. Joy, for embroidery of a Tidy; Mrs. Courtright, for two embroidered Lamp Mats; Mrs. Camp, embroidery on infant's dress; Eliza Pollock, embroidered hearth rug; Mrs. Mary Clark, embroidered lamp mat and bead bag; Mrs. Eliza Pearce, for bead purse; Miss Sophia Chester, for pin cuishon; Miss Laura Sandford, for embroidered ottoman; Mrs. Ruth Beebe, for embroidered screene; Mrs. Eliza Pearce, 2nd for one pair ottomans; J. Cummins, for saddlers sign; Miss Diantha M'Dougall, for embroidered match box; Miss Hubble, for oil painting of mountain scenery; Moses Billings, for portrait painting.

The committee remarks that there were many beautiful specimens not mentioned among the Fine Arts and Embroidery that were truly meritorious, but by reason of the shortness of the time allowed to examine specimens, full justice could not be done to all. The committee recommend that hereafter more time be allowed to those branches.

On Hardware and farming Utensials; B. Hubly, diploma for copper coal scuttles; Lester, Sennett & Chester, on Fulton Cooking Stove; Vincent, Hemrod & Co on parlor air-tight stove, and on coal stoves; J. Bond, on carpenter's Adds; Harry O. Root, on a churn; Almond Fuller, for cheese press.

The committee report favorably on Umbrella stand and sad irons, by Lester, Sennett & Chester; a bee-hive by J. M. Warren; a metalic pump, by G. A. Bennett; axe-helves, by Harry O. Root; a horse-rake, by A. Fuller; a straw-cutter, by Thomas W. Ward; an ox-yoke, by W W. Davidson; and a proof staff and Mill peck, by J. Towner.

On Miscellaneous articles; Mrs. John Sampson, Diploma for 2 moss baskets; J. H. Fullerton, do for boots and shoes; Jessee Ebersole, do for brass-mounted double harness and trunk; Fluke & Law, do for best single harness; W. H. Johnson, do for setts of artificial teeth; Miss Swan, on shell basket; James Hebblewhite on 3 shell pyramids, and buoquette of flowers; Joel Johnson, on writing ink; W H. Knowlton, on gold lever watch; G. Loomis & Co., on case of fine silver work and Jewelry; E. M. Cole, on blank leger.

Mrs. Curtis, Diploma for a mourning bonnet, a pea straw bonnet and lady's dress cap; Mrs. Pray, for pink velvet hat, white satin and infant's velvet hats. The committee report that there were other articles beautifully made and meritorious to both.

In addition to the above the several committees to whom they were referred, reported in favor of granting diplomas to persons who presented a basket of carrots, a box of Poland starch, and a silver plated harness, but by the owners not being members of the society, diplomas could not be granted. Many articles highly meritorious were undoubtedly overlooked in consequence of the shortness of the time allowed to examine, and the mass of people in attendance. All who took so lively an interest as to present specimens, and become members of the society for its encouragement, deserve the thanks of the society; and it is desireable that hereafter sufficient time shall be given to do better justice to all persons who wish to excel in either Agriculture, Horiculture, Manufactures or the Arts. JOHN BRAWLEY, President.

JAMES D. DUNLAP, Sec'y.

THE FIRST VAN BUREN VICTORY.—The election of J. R. Giddings, (says the Buffalo Courier,) the notorious Abolitionist, the leader of that detested party and the chief agitator of the Slavery question in Congress and out, for the last ten years, who desires the Abolition of Slavery even if the dissolution of the Union should follow, the election of this man is the first Van Buren Victory in the Union. Verily it is a most appropriate one, and now that the Democracy have swept Ohio, the Van Buren men, those pure and consistent politicians, those high-minded, honorable men and exclusive friends of human liberty, may lay until they rot in the embraces of Giddings and his crew. They have chosen their own associates and deserted the old democratic standard, and theirs is indeed a large reward! Is there a Van Buren man among us now, that fails to see that he has not only sold himself, but been *sold* by the Abolitionists? If there be, the 7th of November will put the finishing touch to him.

ERIE COUNTY OFFICIAL.

	Gov	C. Com.	Congress.	Assembly.		
	Morris Longstreth.	Israel Painter.	James Thompson.	Theodore Byers.	Smith Jackson.	John S Barnes.
	Wm. F. Johnston.	*Jer Middlesworth.*	*James Campbell.*	*Gideon J. Ball.*		
Erie—E. Ward,	194	131	188	124	196	126	193	103	106	107
W. Ward,	212	134	203	126	212	129	210	2-3	105	103
M'Kean,	185	69	166	58	180	64	156	158	54	54
Fairview,	230	44	225	44	226	43	216	215	39	39
Springfield,	225	78	210	71	252	73	226	222	63	63
Conneaut,	223	99	218	93	222	98	211	208	58	58
Waterford tp.	155	62	151	59	155	61	140	141	37	37
Harborcreek,	196	110	179	105	189	103	181	183	91	90
North East tp.	128	159	124	150	130	157	124	124	1	
Greenfield,	75	33	68	25	66	30	65	62	22	22
Union,	84	58	82	52	79	55	76	73	49	50
Venango,	103	57	101	55	93	58	91	91	53	53
Washington,	188	74	179	73	193	71	181	181	69	69
Greene,	106	123	105	123	101	126	103	101	126	126
Elkcreek,	125	121	119	120	115	127	114	114	116	116
Amity,	45	87	43	85	47	80	40	40	87	87
Wayne,	39	68	33	57	31	62	35	35	48	48
Concord,	69	38	25	20	31	25	24	23	26	26
Le Bœuf,	66	104	64	104	65	105	64	64	102	102
Girard tp.	264	146	238	130	263	141	250	200	126	126
Millcreek,	293	135	290	133	292	134	287	286	124	128
Girard bor.	46	13	43	18	43	19	41	41		
Waterford bor.	52	42	52	41	52	30	50	51	23	20
Bor. of Edinboro'	30	14	28	13	29	15	30	30	14	14
Franklin,	72	15	55	11	47	12	52	53	8	8
Wattsburg,	19	16	19	16	19	14	18	18	12	13
Girard bor.	46	28	46	25	44	26	41	42	21	22
Total	3599	2287	3395	2198	3370	2245	3220	3155	1023	1028

☞Whig names in *Italics*—Democrats in Roman.

For Congress, John Mann, (free soil) received 215 votes.

Assembly, Wm. Beaty, (free soil) received 371, and Job Stafford, (free soil) 367.

Prothonoter, James Skinner, (whig,) 3152; Aaron Kellogg (free soil) 1303. No Democratic candidate.

Register and Recorder, R. J. Sibley, (whig) 3077; Ira Sherwin, (free soil) 487.

Commissioner, G. W. Brecht, (whig), 3067; James Wilson, (Dem.) 1031: Jas. M. Moorhead, (free soil) 292.

Auditor, John Eagley, (whig) 3059; D. W. Howard, (Dem.) 1569; R. Beebe, (free soil) 325.

Treasurer, John Hughes, (whig,) 3101; H. Cadwell (free soil,) 377.

Director of the Poor, David Kennedy [whig,] 3023; Henry Colt, [Dem.] 1355; Elnb Perkins, [free soil,] 257.

Coroner, Samuel D. Forster, [whig,] 3039; John B. Fluke, [free soil,] 470.

John H. Walker, John A. Tracy, and John Galbraith, are elected Trustees of Erie Academy [James Hays and Matthew Smith, Trustees of Waterford Academy.

☞General Cass, while Governor of Michigan and Indian agent for the Government, secured by *friendly* and *bloodless* treaty with the Indians, nearly one hundred million acres of land, worth at the lowest estimate, more than three hundred millions of dollars! Of this sum, General Taylor has received about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars for fighting Indians and Mexicans forty years—all the time being a "man of peace," according to the whigs,—so says the Boston *Post*.

ELK COUNTY.—We have received the official returns from Elk county. Longstreth has a majority of 138, Painter 161, and Thompson 77; which elects the latter by sixty and leaves two counties, which will give him four hundred, to hear from.

A STRIKE.—A chap in Albany complains that, having married a factory girl, she has been on a *strike* ever since he took her to his heart and home as the vicinity of his eyes will testify.

☞"There are a good many things I like in the Democratic party. I like their nationality and their spirit of union, after all; I like the American feeling that pervades the masses."—*Rufus Choate, at Worcester.*

A QUESTION!—Did the people of the United States ever hear of a candidate before Gen. Taylor, who wrote such letters that his own party had to denounce them as forgeries?

☞Our federal cotemporary of the *Gazette* felicitates himself very much, on the fact that he made a pretty close guess on the result in this county, and in the exuberence of his joy, promises to guess again for the November contest. He has now a pretty good reputation for a prophet, so far as the county is concerned, but if he tries again, two to one he'll lose.

☞The Southern Taylor papers are getting desperate. They insist that Gen. Cass is *an abolitionist.*

By Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

☞At the time we went to press on Friday evening it is not decided who is Governor. The whigs claim the election of Johnston. That event is not certain, however.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16—3, P. M.

The Talahasso correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says Cobel, whig, is elected to Congress from Florida, by about 500, and that Brown, whig, is elected Governor by about the same majority. The legislature is decidedly whig.

The new Legislature of Vermont assembled at Montpelier on Thursday last, Hon. John Kimball, whig, was chosen President of the Senate by 19 votes out of 28.

The House ballotted four times for Speaker on Thursday, and 15 times on Friday, without an election. The last vote stood, W. C. Kittridge, Taylor, 108; for H. Needham, Van Buren, 71; R. H. Wheaton, Cass, 38; necessary to a choice, 110.

Johnston's majority is greatly reduced in Pennsylvania, and Painter, democrat, Canal Commissioner, is elected.

OHIO.—The returns from this state are continually from Ford to Weller. One report received from Columbus, dated this day, elects Ford by 1,000 majority, makes the Senate a tie, and gives two to four whig majority in the House.

New York, Oct. 16, 1848.

Flour $5 37½@5 62½ as before quoted, with moderate demand—1000 bbls sold.

Corn is steady with some enquiry. Sales 20,000 bu 68 for mixed Ill., for Western yellow, and 65 for white Southern.

Oats 34½@35.

Ashes in good demand at previous prices.

Pork and lard dull without change, sales 100,000 lbs dry sides for England at 9cts.

Butter and cheese in good demand, and steady.

BUFFALO, Oct. 16—3, P. M.

No arrival of Steamer checks business. Receipts from the West heavy. Sales of 1000 bbls. Merchant's mills, Tippecanoe and Portage, at $4 62½; 6000 bbls. good flour at $4 56½.

Sale of 5500 bush corn, mixed, at fifty cents. No change in other articles.

CASS & BUTLER!!

DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

Hon. James Thompson, & M. Whallon, Esq., will address the Democracy at the Meeting House near William Doty's, in Springfield, on Tuesday, 24th inst.;

At Cranesville on Wednesday, the 25th;

At McKean Corners, on Thursday, the 26th;

At Shattuck's school house in Greene, Friday 27th;

and at Waterford on Saturday the 28th instant. at 2 o'clock P. M. on each day.

CASS & BUTLER!!

GREENE TOWNSHIP IN THE FIELD!!

HON. JAMES THOMPSON

Will address the Democracy of Greene Township, on

FRIDAY NEXT, THE 27th,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., at the School House near C. Shattuck's. The friends of Cass and Butler, Taylor and Fillmore, Van Buren and Adams, are respectfully invited to attend.

☞WOOD WANTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Boston Goods!

40 PACKAGES just opened from Boston and Lowell, comprising a great variety of fashionable Dress Goods, such as set flowered and striped Cashmeres, Monterey Plaids and Stripes, changeable Lustres, Shawls in great variety, Dress Trimmings, Ladies' Collars, Cravats, Gloves and Hosiery, in short, almost every thing in the way of goods can be found as cheap as the cheapest at [Oct. 20.] WRIGHT'S.

Pedlars Goods.

A LARGE assortment of Yankee Notions just received of the manufactors, and just the articles for Pedlars, at New York prices, adding transportation, at WRIGHT'S.
Oct. 21.

Cash for Feathers.

WANTED a quantity of good Geese Feathers for which I will pay half cash, if delivered soon, at
Oct. 21. C. B. WRIGHT'S.

White Fish and Trout.

A WARRANTED article just received at WRIGHT'S.
Oct. 21.

BENCH, Moulding and Match Planes, and a general assortment Carpenters and Joiners Tools.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN & SON.

HARDWARE.

A GENERAL assortment of Shelf Hardware and Cutlery.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN &SON.

A Card to the Ladies.

MRS. WARD begs leave to inform the Ladies of this City that she has just received from Philadelphia, by Express, an elegant assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery, consisting of Bonnets, Caps, Satins, Velvets and Ribbons, together with a choice selection of Plumes and Flowers; all of which she will be happy to show to her friends and customers on Saturday, the 21st inst. Residence on the Public Square, three doors from the Erie Bank.
Oct. 20, 1848.

Carpetings.

THIS DAY received from the Manufactories, a good selection of assorted Carpetings, from 18½ to 75 cents per yard. Also Floor Oil Cloths, Hearth Rugs, Woolen Crum Cloths, all to be had cheap at WRIGHT'S Corner.

Important to Ladies.

200 PAIRS of Ladies' patent Gum Elastic Overshoes, comprising six different Patterns and styles, to which I invite the attention of those Ladies who wish to keep their feet dry, to call and look at the assortment at WRIGHT'S

Stray Cow.

CAME to the enclosure of the Subscriber, living in Millcreek township, about seven miles west of Erie, on the 11th inst., a dark red Cow, supposed to be 5 years old next Spring—no artificial marks. The owner is requested to call, pay charges and take her away. HENRY VANDINE.
Millcreek, Oct. 21, 1848.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Theobold Kisher, late of Mc Kean township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
Oct. 21, 1848. JOSEPH LEETZ, Erie, } Executors.
JOHN KISHER, McKean, }

TAILORING.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he still continues the business of TAILORING at his old stand, where he will be happy to save them from the horrors of shop work, by making a fair and handsome garment at a very reasonable price. He returns his thanks to the public generally for its kind and liberal patronage heretofore, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive the same for the future; as he feels confident that from long experience in some of the principal shops of London and New York, he can execute any work entrusted to him in the most workmanlike, fashionable and satisfactory manner.
Oct. 20, 1848. JOHN GOALDING.

N. B. CUTTING done on the shortest notice and with particular care. Shop, situate south of the Diamond, and a few doors east of the Erie Bank.

LOST!

BETWEEN THE EAGLE HOTEL AND THE FURNACE and two dollars in Furnace money. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the Eagle Hotel.
Erie, Oct. 16, 1848.

Ladies Dress and Cloak Goods.

CONSISTING of Cashmere, Mou de Lanes, black, striped, plaid and shaded Alpaccas, French Merino, silk plaid Madonas, Mohair lustre, &c., &c. just opened at
Erie, Oct 16, 1848. GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.

SHAWLS.

BROCHA, Turkien, Cashmere, Muslin de Lane and Blanket Shawls, a good assortment at GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.
Oct. 16. 72

Paper Hangings.

1000 PIECES Wall paper and Bordering; 130 do Window paper, for sale cheaper than ever by
Oct. 16. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

New Goods.

WE have this day received by express, a nice assortment of French Merino, Silk, Mohair, Thibet cloth, Cashmere and M. de Laine &c., at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848.

New Goods.

A CHOICE LOT of French Thibets, of all colors, for Ladies' Cloaks, received per Express, for sale cheap by
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848. ALLEN &COIT.

New Fall and Winter Goods.

THE subscribers are now receiving and opening their stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GROCERIES, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, ANVILLS, &c.

All which will be sold cheap for cash or ready pay.
October 2, 1848. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

JOHN M. JUSTICE returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public in general, for the liberal patronage extended to him, and would beg leave to inform them that he has just opened at
NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK STATE ST.,
a large and good assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, which, owing to the tightness of the money market in the eastern cities, he has purchased from the Importers at a great sacrifice, which enables him to offer the best bargains ever before heard of in this market. Among his stock may be found fine French, English, and American Cloths and Gassimeres, which will be made up to order and warranted. Also, ready made Dress and Frock Coats, Overcoats, and Sack Coats, Pants and Vests, Shirts and Drawers, Hdkfs. and Suspenders, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Persons wishing to purchase clothing for Cash, will do well to call and examine goods and prices, as my goods are cut by myself, and made in Erie by the best hands that can be had, without regard to price, and are warranted to be as well made as any Shop in Erie makes. Persons wishing clothing, can have their measure taken and clothing made, and if not suited with them when done, they will not be asked to take them.

Custom work and Cutting done on the most reasonable terms and warranted.

☞No charge for showing goods—call and examine for yourselves at No. 6, BONNELL BLOCK,
Erie, Sept. 27, 1848. State S.

Public Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, at the Market House, in the Borough of Erie, on Sat. the 21st inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., a chest of clothing, the property of the late Charles Smith, who was drowned at the Public Dock in the forepart of the season.
Erie, Oct. 7, 1848. 3t D. KNOBLO.

NOTICE.

HAVING disposed of our stock of Goods to Aaron Lick, of Edinboro', we are anxious that our business should be closed up as soon as possible. To those having unsettled accounts with us we would say, call and settle. If you have not the money to pay your accounts, you can at least close them by giving your Notes. BROWN & McCARTER.
Erie, Sept. 22, 1848.

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY!

NEW GOODS—GREAT FALL IN PRICES.

C. B. WRIGHT respectfully informs his numerous friends and customers, that he has just returned from Boston and New York, and is now receiving an extensive and unusual variety of Fashionable Fall and Winter GOODS, which have been choicely selected and purchased under such favorable circumstances as enable him to offer Goods of most every variety and style much cheaper than ever. My stock is much larger than I have ever before offered in this market, and comprises a much greater *variety*, all of which must be sold, and at such prices that no Establishment can get under, and for a pledge of this fact, I respectfully invite all those that wish to buy of or even see, a good and well-selected assortment of Goods, to drop in at the Brick Corner, opposite the Eagle Hotel, for particulars. Sept. 29.

Fall of 1848. **NEW** Fall of 1848.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Arriving in large quantities at the Jew Store of MOSES KOCH, Commercial Exchange, on French St., Erie, Pa.

I have the pleasure of informing my friends and customers in town and country, that I am now receiving my fall supply of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS, which, as usual embraces all the varieties of rich and beautiful Goods in market, and which are to be sold as the proverbial low prices of the Old Jew Store, familiar to every man, woman and child in this corner of the State. Notice the following. FOR THE LADIES. Heavy Italian and Chamelion Silks, Gros de Rhine Satin stripe, Pekin, watered, striped and plaid, black Italian do. satin striped and embroidered Mouse de Laine, plain and printed Cashmeres, embroidered Robes, changeable Madonas, French Merinoes, mode colors, plaid Long Shawls, Broche, Cashmere and Silk Shawls, embroidered Cashmere do. black and colored silk Fringes, Brussels Lace, Lisle and thread Laces, needle wrought Collars, Jenny Lind Collars, French Kid Gloves, Bonnett Satins and Ribbons, shirred satin Bonnets, Plumes and Flowers &c.
Erie Sept. 29 1848.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS!!—French, English and American Broad Cloths and Cassimers of every color, shade and quality.—VESTINGS, VESTINGS. Figured and striped Cassimere and heavy black satin Vestings, fancy silk, Vestings, black and fancy silk and serge Cravats, silk Shirts, Merino do., and Drawers, Gloves, Suspenders, &c., CAPS. Cloth and Plush Caps, cheap at the Old Jew store, Commercial Exchange, French street.

CROCKERY.—3 Crates and 10 Hogsheads of handsome Crockery, China and Glassware, for sale very low.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848. ALLEN & COIT.

GINGHAMS.—English, French, Scotch and American Ginghams, cheap at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S
Oct. 6.

Sequestrator's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Erie County, I will expose to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Erie, on Monday the 30th day of Oct., A. D. 1848, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand of John Greene, (being a life estate,) in and to the following described piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the Township of Franklin, Erie, county, Penna., and known by being part of Tract No. 40, in said Township, bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a Post the N. E. corner of the whole Tract, thence by the South line of Tract No. 39, West 164 perches to a Post the North East corner of land of Alfred O'Conner; thence by the East line thereof 51 1-10 perches to a Post in the North line of land formerly conveyed to Jacob Zeech; East 104 perches to a bush; and thence North 51 1-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing acres and allowance more or less, with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale—one half on confirmation of sale and the other half in one year with interest, to be secured by judgment bond and Mortgage. SMITH JACKSON.
Erie, Sept 22, 1848. 4tw

Last Notice.

THE Administrators of the Estate of T. W. Sterrett dec'd, being extremely desirous to prevent costs, give notice to those indebted to said estate, that payment must be made (at R. T. Sterrett's Store) on or before the first of November next—a longer indulgence cannot be given. R. T. STERRETT, } Adm'rs.
Erie, Sept. 20, 1848. 3tw G. J. BALL, }

Stray Cow.

BROKE into the enclosure of the Subscriber, on Thursday the 14th inst., a dark Brindle Cow, gives no milk, the point of one horn is broken off, no other marks noticed. The owner is requested to come prove property pay charges and take her away.
Erie, Sept. 22, 1848. 3tw CHAS. MILLER.

STRAYED FROM THE RESIDENCE OF

STARS.—"Theloco-foco Cassites will see stars, remember," says a smart federal paper.—They will see stars, before the light Of this ism will pale its ineffectual fires.—several star in the North East, a Democrat- of Senator—they will see a bright star beam- confirmatio- ite hills of New Hampshier—a NEY for t' will illuminate the purified atmos- phere of retrieved New Jersey—three of magnitude and refulgence will meet the admiring gaze of "loco-foco Cassites" in all parts of the Union, standing directly over the great states of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio—and in direction of Michigan, the home of Lewis Cass, a "bright particular star" will be seen, moving rapidly toward that part of the firmament directly under which the capitol of the Union is situated—from the fertile soil of Indianna and Illinois, "hoosiers" and "suckers" will look upon the stars which will illustrate their triumph over federalism in that region—there will be a cluster of stars in the political sky which overarches MISSOURI, ARKANSAS, IOWA and WISCONSIN—over the battle field of Orleans, where "the man of iron nerve" was baptized in blood and fire as a Patriot and a Soldier, a gorgeous star will rise and beam upon Democratic Louisiana—the "lone star" of Texas will be seen to sparkle with unwonted brilliancy—Where fair Florida laves her form in the waters of the Mexican Gulf a star will point out the scene of a Democratic triumph—the star of Mississippi will mingle its light with its shining neighbors—the beautiful bosom of the Chattahoochie will reflect the twin Democratic stars of Georgia and Alabama—the star of the Hermitage will indicate by its lustre a Democratic triumph in Tennessee. See stars! Bless our stars! Yes, sir!

We cannot reciprocate the prophecy on behalf of our federal neighbors. We do *not* think they will "see stars." But let them be consoled—when they are lying upon the flat of their backs, they will see any quantity of elephants!—*York Gazette.*

KILLED IN MISTAKE.—In Cincinnati, last Thursday evening, a Mr. Gillam, going home to the house of his brother at a late hour, intoxicated, mistook the adjoining house for that of his brother, and endeavored to enter; finding the door barred, he resorted to the window, when the house dog commenced barking, which awoke the inmates. The landlord fearing thieves, aroused one of the lodgers in the house and proceeded to the door, whence the noise was heard. On opening the door the deceased was found leaning against a post. He was hailed several times, and asked the object of his visit at so late an hour,—receiving no answer, some one fired, and followed the deceased and dealt him several blows upon the head with a pistol. The ball penetrated his left breast, which with the blows caused almost instant death. Streetman, the landlord, was arrested and bound over to answer.

CORWIN ON BLOOD HOUNDS.—In 1840 Corwin tore his "passions to tatters" over the blood-hounds which Van Buren caused to be used against the Florida Indians, in pursuance of Taylor's advice. Circumstances having altered, Corwin no longer preaches against the horrid enormity of using dogs to tear the defenceless women and children limb from limb. The Cleveland *True Democrat* lately contained a report of a speech delivered by Tom in that town, from which we extract as follows:

Mr. Corwin said in his speech here that Col. Taylor, during the Florida war, learned that in Cuba they had dogs that would track men as well as animals; and as the Indians were very difficult to find, the Colonel recommended to the Secretary of War that a few of these dogs should be procured, "to ascertain where the Indians were, and not to worry them." "If a man," said Mr. C., "loses a horse or a cow, he generally uses a dog to ascertain where they are, and this is all there is about it."

A SOUND CONCLUSION.—A lawyer sent his son before a school committee to have his qualifications tested for the office of teacher. After being examined and cross-examined in every thing from A, B, C, to Algebra, he was told that no certificate could at present be given, as the committee were of different opinions in regard to his being qualified.

"Well," said the father on his son's return, "how did you make out?"

"Why dad, I guess I shall stand a pretty small chance of getting clear—seeing as how *the jury could'nt agree!*"

A DIALOGUE WELL APPLIED.—"Father, what does the printer live on?" "Why, child!" "You said you had'nt paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week!" "Take the child out of the room—what does he know about *right* and *wrong*.

New Firm, New Goods and New Prices.

THE subscribers having associated themselves together in the merchantile business under the firm of LOOMIS & CO. & WHEELER, are prepared to sell Goods as low as they can be bought West of the City. We would therefore say to the inhabitants of Crawford and surrounding country, bring on your Butter, Cheese, eggs, grain, Lumber, Shingles, and a sprinkling of Cash, and examine the quality and prices of our Goods before purchasing elsewhere, as we intend to make it an object for those who wish to make ready pay for Goods, to buy them of us. Call and examine our stock—we make no charge for showing Goods.

N. YOUNGBERY,
Cranesville, June 9, 1848. tf 3 G. S. WHEELER

FRESH GROCERIES.

I HAVE just received a large and well selected assortment of Family Groceries, to which I invite the attention of the Public, and which will be sold as cheap as any in Meadville. Among my stock may be found Coffee, Teas, Chocolate, Sugars, Molasses, Spices of all kinds, Fruits, a great variety, Nuts, Pickles, Tobacco, Snuff, Wooden Ware, etc., etc.

I have and will constantly keep on hand, Flour, Meal, Hams, Pork, Fish, Fresh Butter, Eggs, &c. Give me a call at No. 2, American Block.

JOHN PEZZER,
Erie, June 10, 1848.

Leghorn Hats and Bonnets Repaired and Cleaned.

E. A. FELDTMANN, late from Hamburg, Germany, would respectfully inform the public that he has *leased lately* in Erie, and established a shop for the purpose of executing orders, thoroughly cleansing and bleaching Leghorn and Straw Hats and Bonnets, and invites all to call and examine specimens of his workmanship. By no previous business he is enabled to do up Ladies' Hats in the very latest Parisian fashion, and in the best possible manner. Shop on French, between Third and Fourth streets.

E. A. FELDTMANN.
Erie, July 11, 1848. 3w

Notice.

THOSE indebted to me, either by Note or Book account, at my Store in Erie, are requested to settle the same by the 1st of November next, as I shall then want funds to complete my Fall purchases. Erie, Sept. 22, 1848. 3w R. T. STREETER.

Public Notice.

WILL be offered for sale on Tuesday, the 31st day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, *all that* certain brick building in the Borough of Erie, known as the "Grand Reserve," and fronting twenty feet on French street in said Borough. For particulars enquire of the Subscriber

Erie, Sept. 29, 1848. JOHN GALBRAITH.

RICE—cheaper than in Buffalo, at
July 21, 1848. H. COOK'S.

SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES, the *real* article, at
June 28. *CARTER & BROTHER.*

BY EXPRESS AND RAILROAD.

ALLYN & COIT have received, and have now receiving, their stock of RICH SPRING DRY GOODS among which will be found the late, t, nicest, and cheapest GOODS of the season, to which the attention of the citizens of Erie and vicinity is invited. Don't forget the store—*Corner of Sixth Street and the Public Square.*

Apr. 29, 1848.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1848.

R. S. HUNTER, Practical Hatter, would announce the Spring Fashion for Hats this day, and would most respectfully solicit the friends and customers to call and examine this very gentlemanly apt endage.

Erie, March 18, 1848. tf

OPPOSITION.

OUR cigar case is constantly supplied with the very choicest quality of El Sol, Principe, Havana, Sherocts, Echaplas, La Norma, La Artesanlad, and Regina Cigars, direct from the manufacturer's, and warranted free from any kind of *deception* or *essences*. [Aug. 24] H. COOK.

Wanted Immediately!

THE Balance on all notes and accounts due the subscriber, and the late firm of Englehart & Mayer. Persons failing to call and settle previous to the 1st of June next, may expect to find the same before the first of June next. May 12, 1848. MATHIAS MAYER.

LADIES' Dress Goods, consisting of Lawns, Bolantines, Lenoes and Cotton Ginghams, Calico &c., just opened at No. 3, Cheapside, by G. & O. SELDEN & SON.
June 10, 1848. 4

Steam Engines and Boilers.

WE are now prepared to make to order High Pressure Engines suitable for Mills or other Machinery, and Cast Iron Boilers of the most approved kinds, on short notice and at the very lowest rates. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
May 4, 1848. 51

TUTTLE'S Improved Patent Gum Elastic Baby Jumpers for sale by June 12. H. COOK.

BULWER'S new novel, Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, at June 20. SPAFFORD'S.

SHAWLS and Dress Goods—the choicest lot in the City, at [June 10] ALLYN & COIT'S.

RUTLAND BRAID, "Gipsy," Bird, Dunstable, Open Straw Jenny Lind, Chiny Pearl, Rough & Ready, Mixed Straw English, *French and Gimp Bonnets*, of the latest style, for sale at reduced prices, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

PICKLED Oysters, Lobsters, Clams, Muscles, *Gherkins*, Sardines, London Brown Stout, Scotch Ale, Brandy Cherries, Champaign, Stoughton Bitters, &c. by *H. COOK.*
June 12. 17

WINES & LIQUORS,

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

JUST RECEIVED

AT MRS. ROOD'S Millinery Establishment, a new assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Artificials, &c. which the ladies are invited to examine. 8t May 12, 1848.

BONNET RIBBONS of the latest styles from Bests, to 25cts per yard, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S

TEAS! TEAS!! TEAS!!!

NEW YORK CANTON TEA COMPANY'S AGENCY,
No. 1, Perry Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

熙眼真
珠生正

T. W. MOORE,

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Tea-drinking inhabitants of this city and vicinity to the *Canton Tea Company's Superior Teas*—subject in all cases to be returned if not approved of. Among which may be found:

GREENS.

Good YOUNG HYSON,	$0 50 per lb.
Fine do	62 "
No. 2 Fragrant do	75 "
No 3 very Fine do	1 00 "
Good HYSON,	1 25 "
Very Fine do	1 50 "
Good HYSON SKIN,	50 "
Good IMPERIAL,	75 "
Very Fine do	1 00 "
Extra Fine do	1 25 "
Good GUNPOWDER,	75 "
Fine do	1 25 "

BLACKS.

No 1 SOUCHONG,	$0 50 per lb.
No 2 do	62 "
Fine do	75 "
Fragrant POUCHONG,	Various prices,
CONGO,	Various "
Fine OOLONG,	1 00 "
Very Fine do	75 "
Extra Fine do	1 00 "
YANGONG,	Various prices,
HOWQUA, or finest Black Tea imported,	1 00 "

I CAUTION.—The Canton Tea Company are the exclusive vendors of the superior Black Tea called "HOWQUA'S MIXTURE."

Every package, (in addition to its containing full weight independent of the wrapper,) bears the stamp of its name and place, and the Teas therein are so thoroughly secured from light and air, that their quality and power will remain unimpaired in any climate. For sale at No 1, Perry Block,

T. W. MOORE,
Erie, June 10, 1848.

ARRIVAL OF SPLENDID GOODS

At the Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Store of

G. LOOMIS & Co.

HAVING made large additions to our former stock by recent purchases in New York, and extended our business for the manufacture and sale of work in our line, we shall in a few days be prepared to accommodate the public with a stock of Goods which, for quantity, quality and cheapness, has never been offered, if, equalled, in this city.

The stock comprises clocks, watches, Jewelry, Lamps, Girandoles, looking glasses plated and Lancashire ware, Britannia ware, surgical instruments, gold pens, fine cutlery, Steel Work, together with numerous fashionable articles, suitable for the Summer and Fall trade. Particulars hereafter, when at least a *look* will be expected at the goods.

N. B. All kinds of clocks, watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner by experienced workmen. Also, seal and other engraving done on short notice.

State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, and one door below Spafford's Book-store. Erie, July 1, 1848.

LAW BOOKS.

JUST received from the publishers, T. & J. W. Johnson, Philadelphia, the following Law Books, which will be sold at the Publishers Prices:

Starkie on Evidence, Russell on Crimes,
Roscoe's Criminal Evidence, American Leading Cases,
Dunlop's Laws of Pennsylvania, English Common Law Reports,
Stephen's Pleading Cases, Addison on Contracts,
Barr's Penna. Reports, Vol. 5, Billiard on Real Property,
East's Reports, new edit. 8 vols. American Military Law,
Wheaton's Elements of International Law, &c &c.

The subscribers are agents for T. & J. W. Johnson, Law Booksellers, Publishers and importers, Philadelphia, and will furnish any Law Books on short notice, and at the Publishers prices.

Office in Reed's Block, 2d floor, front room, over the side and rear entrances.

C. D. SPAFFORD.
June 10, 1848.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

THIS day opening, a great variety of Dress Goods, comprising in part the fashionable Silk and Linen Tissue, and Goat's Hair Shepherd Plaids, Mode de Chene, Bareges, Delaines, Swiss Muslins, Organdies, Plain and Figured Lawns, together with an immense variety of cheap but desirable Lawns and Ginghams; all of which I can and will sell as cheap as the cheapest, at any store, opposite the Eagle Hotel,

C. B. WRIGHT.
Erie, April 29, 1848. 50

FRESH consignment of Pekoe Teas, at the agency, No. 5, Reed House. BURTON & PERKINS.
July 11, 1848.

100 M SHINGLES for sale at the Bob Saw Factory.
April 29, 1848. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

LOAF SUGAR on commission at A. King's ware house.
May 19. RUST & KELSEY.

RAISINS.—best quality by the box or single lb. at No. 5 Reed Block, *state street.* (May 8.) H. COOK.

FRESH Lemons and Oranges just received at
May 10. H. COOK'S.

PICKLED Oysters, Gherkins, Sardines, London Porter, &c., just received by [May 10] H. COOK.

6000 LBS HAMS just received on consignment, and for sale cheap, at A KING'S Ware House
June 3, 1848 RUST & KELSEY, Agents.

WINES & LIQUORS.—Tavern keepers will always find the best assortment of Gin, Brandy, Monongahela Whiskey, common do. Port, Madeira & Malaga Wines, &c., in town, at
May 19. H. COOK'S.

White Fish.

A NEW supply direct from Mackinac on the corner opposite the Court House by C. B. WRIGHT.

50 FIRST rate Pork Barrels for sale low at
H. COOK.

BLACK, Blue and Brown Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Tweed, and Kennedy Jeans, for sale cheap as the cheapest at
GEORGE SELDEN & SON'S.
June 19, 1848. No. 5, Cheapside.

MONEY WANTED.

ALL Persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby informed that I have fifty cents to call on those who are owing me account and adjust their accounts immediately. (Special contracts excepted.) Eric Money taken for Hats, Caps &c.

R. S. HUNTER.
June 7.

FIRST arrival of New Goods at No. 1, Reed House, being part of a large stock now expected, consisting of new styles Prints Gingheims, Linen Ginghams, Linen Lawns, and Lenoes, Plain Percales, and other goods suitable for the season. The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine goods and prices.

August, 16, 1848. M. MEYER.

150 GALLONS Copal Varnish, among which Coach, Furniture, Clear and White. Also Japan for dryers.
CARTER & BROTHER
June 28.

FRENCH English and American Prints, Spring styles, Jenny Linds from 12 to 12½ cents per yard, the highest price at
TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
June 3 1848.

LEGHORN and Chip Hats can be found cheap at
May 17. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

PUTTY, bottle and bulk Linseed Oil, by the barrel or gallon, at lowest rates, by May 12. CARTER & BROTHER.

WHITE LEAD, Pure Lead and Ball-ed Red Lead, Litharge, Venetian Red &c., &c., for sale cheap by
July 11, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

PAINTING AGAIN.

P. P. GLAZIER, would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity that he has again taken to the old and beaten, and is now ready to execute all orders in the line of Painting and Glazing which his old customers and friends may see fit to entrust to him. Card Boats furnished up on the shortest notice. Please give him a call. Shop at his dwelling, 4th street near the Canal.

Erie, April 29, 1848. 3m50

15000 LIGHTS best quality Window Glass from 7 by 9, to 24 by 30, at which rate or retail, lower than at any other place in Erie. May 12. CARTER & BROTHER.

NEW Temperance Tale, Mary Grover or the Power of Will. June 28. SPAFFORD'S.

SELF Control, a novel, by Mary Burton, at
June 28 SPAFFORD'S.

BARNES' Notes on James, Peter, John and Jude, at
June 29. SPAFFORD'S.

Ladies Dress Goods.

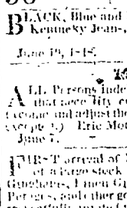
WE have received this day by Express from New York a large and beautiful assortment of Ladies Dress Goods, consisting of Printed Lawns, Plain French Muslins, Figured Jaconettes, Bareges, Delaines, &c. &c., which we would invite the attention of the Ladies. Call and see at No. 6, Cheapside.

Erie, May 17. TIBBALS & DEWEY.

We the Ladies.

COMBS, the largest assortment in this city, may be found at
June 28. *CARTER & BROTHER.*

Crain's Spino-Abdominal Supporters.



For surgical Bandages, Truth's and any and all other similar instruments, Invalids are referred to the cases of which they are designed. Also recommended. They have been acknowledged by examination and comparison of them with the others. They are *neat, light* and *elastic*, can be adapted to any size or shape, worn without inconvenience by persons in any condition, male or female, young or old. INTERESTING CASES in all its forms, TWO CONSCRIPTIONS, HALF CONSCRIPTIONS, UMBILICAL AFFECTIONS, debility and numerous. To circles and school teachers, students, and all young persons who either naturally or from habit incline to stoop or lean, these instruments will be found of the greatest service. They not only benefit the health but greatly improve the personal appearance and prevent a train of evils which result in incurable deformities.

Physicians are especially invited to call and examine them.

CARTER & BROTHER, Reed House,
June 28, are the sole agents appointed by the Patentee

HEAVES! HEAVES! HEAVES!

THERE never was a remedy discovered, by the ingenuity of man for removing diseases from Horses, that equalled COLEMAN'S HEAVE POWDERS, in curing that most troublesome, obstinate and dangerous complaint. In a case last autumn, these powders were sent for as a last resort, and in a few days, those powders were sent for as a last resort, and in a few days, those powders well performed what they are called to. This is no fiction, as many of the most respectable persons in different parts of the country, can testify from several trial. One, two, or three bottles at most, is all that is necessary to cure the worst cases; also in cough and where the wind has been injured, ONE bottle will be found of great services. And what is the cost of three bottles compared to the loss of even an ordinary horse? Try it then, you who have horses suffering for the want of such an article. Price 50cts. per bottle. For sale by CARTER & BROTHER, Erie,
BOYD, VINCENT & Co., Waterford,
B. C. TOWN & Co., North East,
S. STEWART & Co., *Concord.*

300 PIECES Figured and Plain Green Window and Wall Paper, at the old Jew Store of M. KOCH.
April 29, 1848. 1

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.—This extract is *put up in quart* bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient

GREAT FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicine is, while it eradicates disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Fall and Winter medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system, strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe case of disease; at least 20,000 of these were considered incurable.

More than 8,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism;
3,000 cases of dyspepsia;
4,000 cases of General debility and Want of Energy;
7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints;
2,000 cases of Scrofula;
1,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy;
1,000 cases of Consumption;

And thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, viz: Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the Face, &c., &c. In the with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

Thus, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from Physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. B. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable Druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he sells over more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventative of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season. It has never been known to injure in the least the most delicate child.

RHEUMATISM.

This Sar-aparilla is used with the most perfect success in Rheumatic complaint, however severe or chronic. The astonishing cures it has performed are indeed wonderful. Other remedies sometimes give temporary relief, but ultimately eradicates it from the system, even when the hands are dreadfully swollen.

I Hear Mr. Seth Terry, one of the oldest and most respectable lawyers in Hartford, Conn. The following is an extract of a letter received from him:

DR. TOWNSEND:—I have used one bottle of your Sarsaparilla and find it very excellent in its effects upon a chronic Rheumatic pain in which I am subject, from an injury received several years ago in a pot he sta'es. Please send me two bottles to the care of Dr. Seymour. I have conversed with two of our principal physicians, and they recommend your Sarsaparilla.

Hartford, March 12, 1845. SETH TERRY.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Coarse and Stronglers, Consumption can be Cured, Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Difficult or profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, Sore throat, and all the first symptoms of Consumption.

DR. TOWNSEND:—Dear Sir: Nearly twenty years ago I took a violent cold in which settled on my lungs, and affected severely the head, finally it became a constant hacking cough, but not severe so as to prevent me from attending to my business. Within the last few years it increased on me gradually. At last I became so much reduced—I was unable with difficulty and rarely to do my work much to my business, and in the last nine months previous to my using your Sarsaparilla, had regular night sweats, indeed, my friends and myself supposed that I would die with the consumption; but I have the happiness to inform you that to my surprise, after using three bottles of your Sarsaparilla, I found me in health restored. It relieved me gradually, and I am enjoying as good health as I have for many years. I had almost entirely lost my appetite, which has returned to me in a very short time. You are at liberty to publish this with my name in the papers if it will be of service.

Mr. little girl, who is three years old had a very bad cough that whooped last Winter. Within using the medicine I gave her some of it and it soon entirely relieved her, as well as myself, and she is out now well and hearty as any child I ever saw. She was also sick a little before, it took from away, and I do not hesitate to say that I owe my own and family's life to the use of your Sarsaparilla. I have not been sick since. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and they have found great benefit.

S. W. CONANT.

GIRLS, READ THIS.

You who have the complaints, dull eyes, lifeless countenance, sallow complexion, pimples on the face, &c., &c., use a bottle or two of the Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, it will cleanse your blood, restore your complexion, brighten your eyes, and give you animation, sparkling eyes, fine spirits, and beautiful complexion—and of which are of immense value to unmarried ladies.

TO MOTHERS & MARRIED LADIES.

The Extract of Sarsaparilla has been extensively prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventative to many of the painful and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed several years by the use of this medicine. Nor is it less valuable for those approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature, by quickening the blood and thus forming the system. Indeed, this medicine is a sovereign remedy for all the diseases to which women are subject.

It braces the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies, by removing the impurities of the blood—not so far strengthening the system as to produce a subsequent relaxation which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

SCROFULA CURED.

This remedy is extensively prized that this Sarsaparilla has proved to be the most effectual remedy in the cure of the blood. Three persons cured in one house in Sing-sing.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured on the Scrouula by the use of your excellent Sarsaparilla. They were afflicted very severely with it, and have taken only four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation.

Yours respectfully,
ISAAC W. CRAIN, 156 Wooster-st.
New York, March 1, 1847.

CAUTION.

Owing to the great success and immense sale of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, a number of men who were formerly our Agents, have commenced making Sarsaparilla, Elixir, Bitters, &c. &c. They generally put up in the same shaped bottles, claiming that theirs is far superior and four times stronger than Dr. Townsend's, &c., but be particular to ask for Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Sands, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York, and observe that the name of the firm is blown in the bottle, and also the names of their brothers and other interested persons to allow the use of their names to which they are not responsible, and are only speculators. One is also a medicine, and puts it with respectable names procured by using Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, publishes them as cured by his stuff. He also publishes the residence of a person who sells his compound, and Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and in a public manner asks him for a livelihood. They also published certificates signed by fictitious names stating they have used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and that it ruined them &c. These, and a great variety of other tricks are perpetrated by these men, to sell their trash. The public should be on their guard, and look out for *counterfeits.*

Notice.—After the first of January, 1848, one will be genuine unless they are put up with a magenta or copper plate label, containing the fac simile of Dr. Townsend's name, thus—S. P. Townsend.

Principal office, 126 Fulton street, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston. Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2nd street Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Calhoun, Charleston; Wright & Co., Hartford; Chas. Evans, Albany; 165 South High street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and the Canadas.

CARTER & BROTHER and BURTON & PERKINS, Wholesale and Retail Agents for Erie County.—J. S. Hopkins for Springfield.
May 1, 1848. 1y32

EARLY ARRIVAL OF CHEAP GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his full stock of Spring Goods, the first in market, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Iron and Nails, &c., &c. My stock is sufficiently large for the market, and will be selected so as to please the most fastidious. I will always sell as low as the lowest, and will be found at the sign of the Big Boot, on the corner of State and Front streets.

H. CADWELL.
Erie, April 22, 1848.

CASH STORE!

AFTER this date I have determined to sell Goods for *Cash only*, at Wholesale or Retail full 20 per cent. below former prices. Cash customers will do well to examine our *Goods and Prices*, before going to Buffalo. May 12. H. CADWELL.

A CARD.

THE ladies I need would respectfully inform the gentlemen of Erie and vicinity that he has opened a TAILORING SHOP on the South side of the Public Square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank, where he will at all times be ready and happy to wait upon those who may favor him with a call in this line of business. From long experience in some of the principal shops in London and other European cities, and strict attention to all business of which may now be entrusted to him, he confidently hopes that he shall be always considered worthy to receive a share of public patronage. His work shall be executed in such a manner as will bear a close and proper inspection, and always in accordance with the reversible fashions.

N. B.—Cutting done on the shortest notice.

JOHN GOLDING.
Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m45

FRENCH, Scotch, and English Ginghams, small plaid, fashionable style: Printed Lawns: Organdies; French Printed Jaconet Brilliants: Striped Madonna's: Striped and Plaid Linen Ginghams, any pattern, or quality, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
Harmonica, March 12, 1848. 4

WILLOW WAGONS, large and small, always on hand, by
June 12. H. COOK.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

CONSISTING of French and Scotch Gingham Balzorines, Printed Lawns and Jenny Lunds Muslins. Also a great variety of Worsted and Linen Sets and Blue Berege Shawls, just received at No 2 American Block, State St.

M. MAYER.
Erie, June 7th, 1848.

NEW GOODS FOR THE POPULAR TRADE.

JUST receiving the most extensive, richest and cheapest assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' FRUITS & GOODS ever offered in this market—comprising a large and well selected assortment of ALL kinds of fine Dress Goods, suited to the season. Our purchases are such that we will always have on hand the best assortment of Goods in this city, and by studying the interests of our customers, we hope to merit a liberal share of patronage. Call and examine quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Collins made to order on shorthotice.
Erie, April 22, 1848. 3m49

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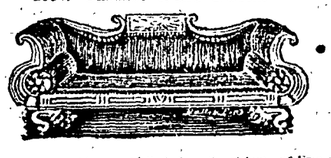
JOHN GOLDING.
Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m45

New Cabinet Ware Room.



J. A. MAY would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he has taken the stand on the South East corner State and Eighth streets, (a part of which is occupied by L. Warren, as a sash, door and blind Factory,) where he intends to keep on hand a general assortment of Cabinet Ware, which he will be happy to exhibit to all who may want articles in that line. His arrangements are such that he will always have on hand the best of seasoned Lumber of the first quality, from which he will manufacture in the best style any article in his line of business. Being a mechanic himself and thoroughly acquainted with the business of Cabinet making in all its various branches, he intends to do his work in the *best and latest styles* and by studying the interests of his customers, hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage. Call and examine quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Coffins made to order on shorthotice.
Erie, April 22, 1848. 3m49

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A CARD.

THE ladies I need would respectfully inform the gentlemen of Erie and vicinity that he has opened a TAILORING SHOP on the South side of the Public Square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank, where he will at all times be ready and happy to wait upon those who may favor him with a call in this line of business. From long experience in some of the principal shops in London and other European cities, and strict attention to all business of which may now be entrusted to him, he confidently hopes that he shall be always considered worthy to receive a share of public patronage. His work shall be executed in such a manner as will bear a close and proper inspection, and always in accordance with the reversible fashions.

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Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m45

NEW GOODS FOR THE POPULAR TRADE.

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N. B. Collins made to order on shorthotice.
Erie, April 22, 1848. 3m49

SODA BISCUIT.

A FRESH supply of Spencer's (Buffalo) Soda Biscuit, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by
Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

OLIVE OIL.—A superior article for family use for sale very low by
(May 8.) H. COOK.

400 LBS Grabby Fine Snuff—for sale by
June 21. CARTER & BROTHER.

PARASOLS, from one shilling upwards, for sale by
[June 10] ALLYN & COIT.

FRUITS.

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block, a large quantity of Figs, Prunes, Raisins, Oranges and Lemons, which will be sold cheap for cash.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

JUST received and this day opening at No. 2 American Block, a general assortment of Dry Goods suited to the season, together with *Groceries, Crockery and Hardware which will be sold* unusually low for cash or ready pay.

M. MAYER.
Erie, June 7th, 1848.

ORANGES, Lemons, Apple, Figs, Dates, Raisins and Candy on hand for the Fourth, at H. COOK'S.
July 1.

CITRON, English Currants, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, etc., at
May 8. H. COOK.

WINDOW GLASS.

5000 FEET of McCully's best window glass, of all sizes from 6 by 10 to 24 by 30, just received and for sale by the box or light, cheaper than can be bought elsewhere in the city at the sash shop of D. WARREN, southwest corner of Sixth and Eighth streets, Erie.
April 15, 1848—1y.

RECEIVED this day by express from Harper and Brother the following new work, viz: History of Congress, Biographical and Political, comprising the messages of the Presidents of the United States, by Henry G. Wheeler, at SPAFFORD'S.
June 28. 2t

EAGLE WOOLEN FACTORY.

WE would inform the wool growing and cloth wearing public known as McCreary, Thornton & Co. We have now completed our new machinery, as good as can be found in the country, and we are now prepared to manufacture on exchange cloths, *cassimeres, Tweeds, Shawls* Blankets and Flannels for wool. We have long experienced workmen in all branches of the business, and we confidently expect to fill those orders in the most prompt and in a workmanlike manner. The highest cash price will be given for wool, or cloth for 2½ pounds of wool, as goods like wool will not do.

Carding and Cloth Dressing done as usual.

All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount for Cash.

P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth.

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Formerly Thornton & Co
Harbor creek, May 1848

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well known stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeping constantly on hand, a large variety of

CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Poached Eggs, Cold Ham by Basket Ham, Pork and Beans, Ice Creams, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies who may Wish to eat Ice Cream. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of